

The Sketch.

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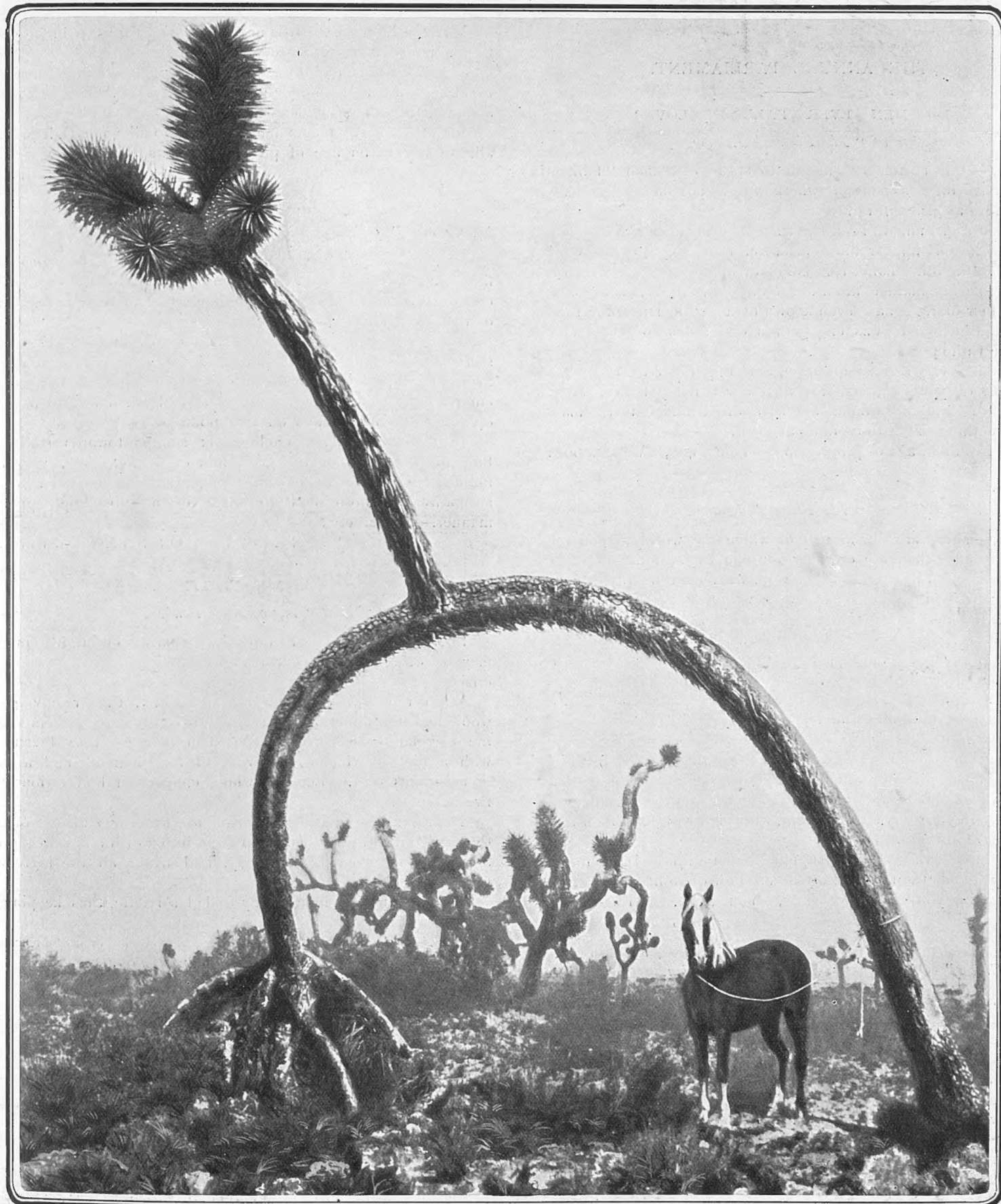
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

The Sketch

No. 969.—Vol. LXXV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1911.

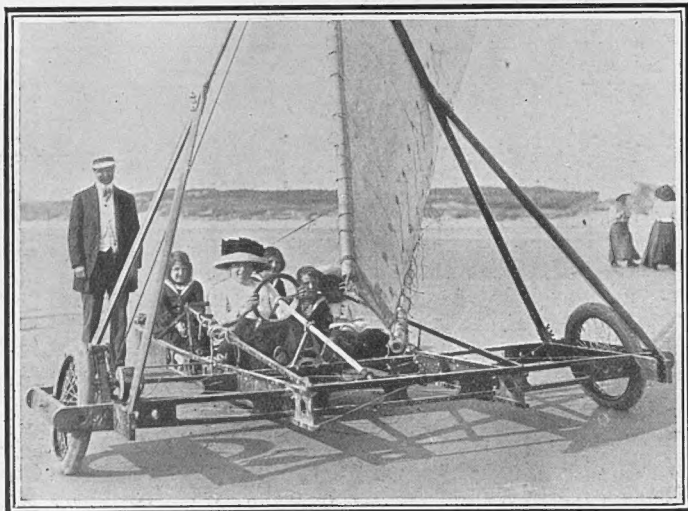
SIXPENCE.



PUTTING THE HORSE TO THE SPUR: A GIANT CACTUS IN THE SHAPE OF A SPUR, WITH A HORSE BENEATH IT.

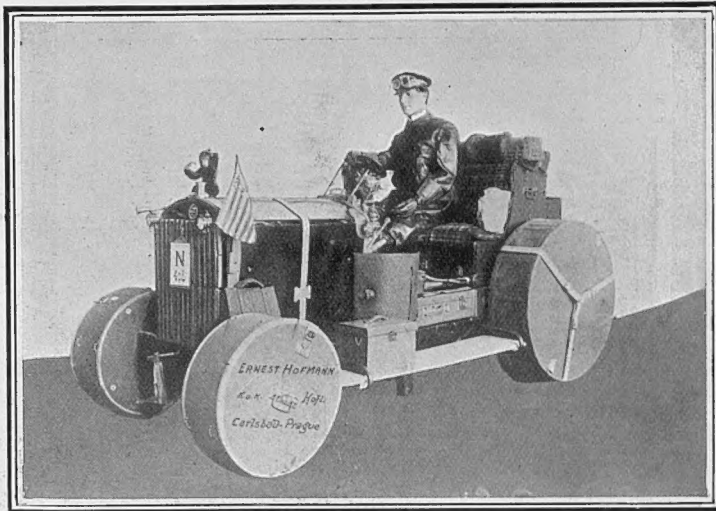
Those who are familiar only with the small cacti of the ordinary garden must find it difficult to realise the great size attained by the cacti in other countries, notably in Arizona. For that reason this photograph should be interesting as showing a giant of the species compared with a horse. It should be remarked further that the form taken by the plant—that of a spur—is decidedly curious. This was brought about by strong winds, which gradually bent the cactus over until its top touched the earth, when a second root formed. The type illustrated grows with remarkable rapidity.

INVENTIVE MAN AND ELUSIVE WOMAN.



WHY NOT A "SANDOPLANE"? MADAME BLÉRIOT AND FOUR OF HER CHILDREN IN THE "AÉROPLAGE" BUILT BY HER HUSBAND. M. Blériot has built a strange craft which he calls an "aéroplage." In it Madame Blériot and her five children fly along the sands at express speed, at Haredot, on the French coast, where M. Blériot has a chalet.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE "RIEN DÉCLARER" CAR FOR CONTINENTAL TOURING: A MODEL MOTOR MADE OF LUGGAGE.

This ingenious model of a motor-car has been constructed out of various articles of luggage. The "bonnet" consists of a large trunk, the wheels of ladies' hat-boxes. The car suggests an easy method of getting one's luggage through the Customs.

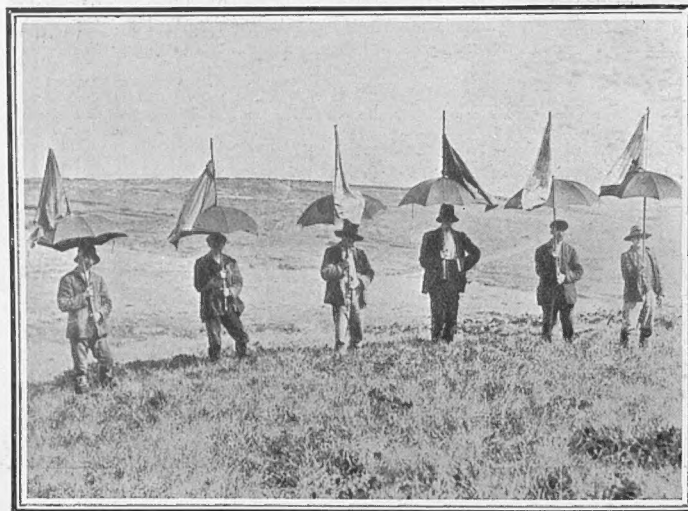
Photograph by L.N.A.



A PRETTY HIGH DEAR! THE GODDESS ON THE (BATHING) MACHINE.

This idyllic scene, snapped at a Continental bathing resort, rather suggests the pursuit of the sea-nymph Arethusa by the river-god Alpheus, except that, in this case, the river-gods are not one-but many. At the same time, it seems impossible to avoid associating the incident with the well-known nautical ballad about the "Saucy" Arethusa.

Photograph by Delius.



DECOYS FOR THE UMBRELLA-BIRD? A NEW IDEA FOR BEATERS ADOPTED IN IRELAND.

Lord Rossmore has supplied the beaters on his Irish estate with umbrellas, as shown above, to protect them from rain or sun. The photograph suggests the question whether the device might not be equally efficacious as a decoy for the unsuspecting umbrella-bird.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



THE NEW GOLF-BAG COOKERY: AN OPEN-AIR KITCHEN ON THE OBERHOF LINKS.

Another new idea has been adopted on the Oberhof Golf Links, in the Thuringian Forest, in the shape of an open-air kitchen for the supply of light luncheons on the course. As illustrated in the "Sketch" of Aug. 2, village girls in native dress act as caddies at Oberhof.—[Photograph by Internationale Illustrations Verlag.]

STRIKING EXPRESSIONS: RAILWAY - TROUBLE FACES.



"WE CAN'T GET BACK TO LONDON!" THE RAILWAY "WAR" IS RESPONSIBLE FOR A SAD DIFFERENCE OF OPINION BETWEEN FATHER AND SON.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



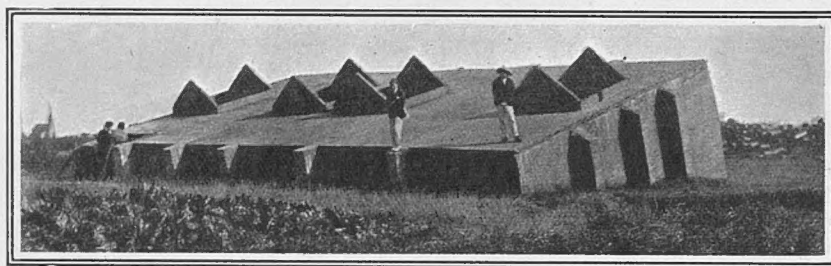
THE CLUBMAN

In Friedberg. There is a little town right in the centre of Germany which is following the movements of the Tsar and Tsarina with more interest than is any town in their own dominions. That little town is Friedberg in the vast valley of cornfields which lies between the Taunus and the Vogelsberg, and its interest in Court news from Russia is caused by the fact that the Tsar and his family made a stay last year at the Castle of Friedberg, which belongs to his brother-in-law, the Grand Duke of Hesse, in order that the Tsarina might take the baths at Nauheim, which is almost in the shadow of the towers of the old town. The good Friedbergers, having tasted the joys of having a reigning monarch in their midst, and having profited in pocket by the big house in the castle enclosure being inhabited, instead of being a not very interesting show-place, open twice a week, are hoping against hope that the Tsar will come again this year, as he said he would, and that the Tsarina will walk about their streets as she did when she was a girl, and that the little Tsarewitch, with his gigantic sailor guardian always at his heels, like a human Newfoundland dog, will chat with the little German schoolboys and swim in the great swimming-bath which is the especial pride of Friedberg and the envy of all the other little towns in the Wetterau.

The Plans of Mice and Tsars. But alas! the best-laid schemes of mice and Tsars gang aft a-gley, and various things have happened since the Tsar said good-bye last year to the good folks of Friedberg. Some of the members of the Socialist Party in the Hessian Chamber asked whether the expense of the cloud of detectives which descended on Friedberg and of the other arrangements which were made for the guarding and entertainment of the august visitors was to be met from the revenues of the Grand Duchy, and were answered that the Russian Budget would

The Old Town. There is interest in seeing the interior of the castle buildings of Friedberg, not because of their splendour, but because of their simplicity, and it was this simplicity and the quiet of the little old-world town which the doctors hoped would calm the strained nerves of the Tsarina, as indeed they did. It is a town of old houses with tiled roofs, yellow and brown, looking like tortoise-shell, and it has a very broad main street paved with cobble-stones, which street is also the market-place. An unpretentious monument to the men of the district who fell in the Franco-German War is in this street, and round it are some little trees, in the shade of which are benches on which old women doze and children play. Groups of schoolgirls wearing round, coloured caps put some life into the somnolent old street, and the distant noise of the boys shouting and plashing in the swimming bath is heard in the sleepy silence. There is a fine old church in the little town which has a beautiful bit of wooden Gothic carving in what used to be the Lady Chapel before the stern Calvinists laid hands on the church, and the old woman who keeps the keys says that Luther once preached from the pulpit.

In the Castle. The castle of the old town stands high, and its walls and its towers are a landmark in the Wetterau. A guard-house with a prodigious coat-of-arms above its door defends the town gate; there is a church and a water-tower and a seminary and a score of other buildings within the walls, and a singularly picturesque old tower, with extinguisher roofs to its central round and to its many turrets, frowns down on the steep road which drops to the plain. In Friedberg, the good people of the place tell me that the castle stood a desperate siege when Charles XII. of Sweden fought his way into central Germany, and that the slaughter occasioned by the final assault on



A. BUILDING IN WHICH IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO STAND UPRIGHT: THE "MIDDELKERKE CURIOSITY," A HALF-SUNKEN WATER RESERVOIR.

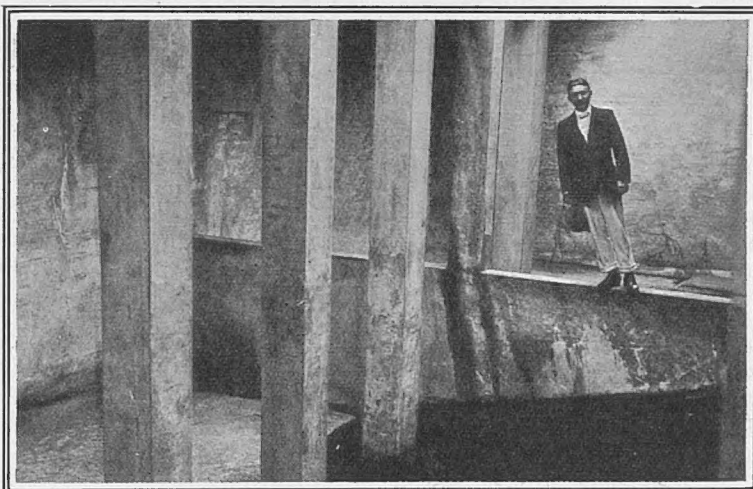
(SEE BELOW.)



THE LAW OF GRAVITY APPARENTLY DEFIED: WATER "AT A SHARP ANGLE" IN THE "MIDDELKERKE CURIOSITY."

Our correspondent writes: "This water reservoir was built for the gas works, but as (so goes the tale) it was not blessed by the priest when completed, the foundations gave way on one side, tipping the whole structure. The sensation on getting inside is most uncanny, inasmuch as one is compelled to grab hold of anything to prevent oneself from falling, it being impossible to stand upright. The water seems to defy the laws of gravity and appears to be inclined at a sharp angle. Some people are made quite ill by this weird sensation. The whole effect is caused by the pillars leaning over, and one's tendency is naturally to stand at the same angle against the laws of gravity. The capacity of the reservoir is about 400 cubic metres; total weight of structure, 535 tons, height at front outside, 3 feet; and 12 feet at back."—[Photographs by D. H. Vetch.]

meet all expenses. But the incident would seem to have set the Tsar thinking that all the hundreds of thousands of roubles which such a trip as that of last year cost might better be spent in Russia than in Hesse; and one of the great officials of the Imperial household is said to have written to that effect to someone of the Grand Ducal Court, but to have added that it was not yet finally decided whether the Tsar would accept his brother-in-law's offer of the castle again this year or not. That is why the Friedbergers study the Russian Court news with acute interest, and why they feel disappointed as week after week passes and the castle is still thrown open to visitors instead of being closed, as it would be for a fortnight before the arrival of the Imperial family.



AN INTERIOR WHICH GIVES UNEASINESS OF THE INTERIOR: IN THE "MIDDELKERKE CURIOSITY," NEAR OSTEND.

the big tower was terrible. The palace in the castle is just an old grey house with rounded gables and no pretensions to architectural beauty, standing back from the central open space, an outer court with some big trees in it giving it privacy. A fountain splashes by the gate of the court. The bedrooms of the Tsar and Tsarina are on the ground floor. The beds are of the simplest, the pictures prints of the royal families of Prussia and Hesse. The Tsarewitch on the floor above has a far more sumptuous room than that of his parents. The views from the windows over the castle gardens to the Wetterau are beautiful, but the lighting of the palace is all by candles, and the only modern comforts in the big house are two bath-rooms.



REPORTS of personal rudeness endured at their clubs by Unionist peers who voted for the Government in "the Great Divide" may be taken with a dash of incredulity. All the same, the original hissing of Lord Galway at the Carlton—though only by a straggling group of three irascibles—was in itself another "revolution" enacted on that fateful night. A call for expulsions could at least be squared with club traditions and club etiquette. But, short of this, the ordinary laws of club courtesy should suffer no derogation. This is quite well understood

by reasonable men, and, according to all defenders of the liberties of club-men, the hisssers rather than the hissed should be called upon to resign. An Englishman's club is his castle, and he should be as secure from concerted insult in its hall as he is in his own home.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT JOHN A. GREGORY, R.N.: MISS AGNES DUPUIS.

Miss Agnes Dupuis is the elder daughter of the late Rear-Admiral A. E. Dupuis and Mrs. Dupuis, of Curdridge, Botley, Hants. Lieutenant J. A. Gregory, his Majesty's Coastguard at Kinsale, is a son of the late Mr. Alexander Gregory and Mrs. Gregory, of St. Elmo, Camberley, Surrey.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

"The Attainted." In more ways than one the "traitors," if "impeached," would be able to give a very good account of themselves. The Marquess of Ailsa—the only Marquess, by the way, among the nine-and-twenty—will be well able to look after himself, though the Peerage be finally abolished and its property confiscated. He can, at any moment, earn good money as a shipwright, and, besides his training in the building-yards, he has learnt to raise flowers as bloomingly as a Carter. Perhaps Lord Annaly is less independent. When fox-hunting, like cock-fighting and other old-time institutions, is put down by law, England will indeed be a benighted place even for a commoner. For Lord Minto, Viceroy and athlete, there is no need to grieve; Lord Lytton could make an honourable fortune anywhere; and Lord Lichfield, a former President of the M.C.C., is ready to defend his action in the House according to the notions of fair play he has learnt at another Lord's—no poor school. Lord Harrowby, Mr. Balfour's particular friend, is not too sensitive to gibes in the "Die-hard" Press; and Lord Fortescue's eleven years in the Commons taught him a sufficient indifference to either the praise or blame of the papers.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT ADRIAN BELL, R.M.L.I.: MISS ELEANOR CHRISTINA DORE.

Miss Dore is the daughter of Mr. Edward J. Dore, J.P., and Mrs. Dore, of Causey House and Belshill Hall, Belford, Northumberland. Lieutenant Adrian Bell is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Ernest Bell, of the Chalet du Vallon, Dinard. [Photograph by Swaine.]

The Wrong Cue. Mr. George Moore amused himself and did small



ENGAGED TO MISS KATHLEEN MOORE - BRABAZON: SIR FRANCIS LAMBART, Bt.

Sir Francis Lambart, of Beau Parc, Co. Meath, was made a baronet by the King during his Majesty's recent visit to Dublin. He has acted as Chamberlain to two Viceroy of Ireland, the seventh Duke of Marlborough and Lord Dudley. His mother, Lady Fanny Lambart, was an intimate friend of Queen Victoria, to whom three of her daughters were Maids of Honour.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

harm to the Irish coast when he shook his native dust from his shoes. The Marquess of Queensberry, who threatens to do the same by English mud, and to become an American citizen, is a member of a family never backward in making dramatic protests. His brother, Lord Sholto Douglas, applied to a magistrate for leave to shoot at sight motorists who endangered his life on the road. Lord Alfred Douglas's editorship of the *Academy* was richer in invective than any other incident in modern journalism; part of the modern Queensberry Rules evidently being to hit hard and to hit often.

In the last generation the Douglas family had its varied story. The late "Q" once rose in his stall to protest against Tennyson's travesty of an Agnostic on the stage. One brother, on the other hand, became a Roman Catholic priest; another lost his



ENGAGED TO SIR FRANCIS LAMBART, THE FIRST BARONET: MISS KATHLEEN MOORE-BRABAZON.

Miss Kathleen Moore-Brabazon is the eldest daughter of the late Colonel Moore-Brabazon, of Tara Hall, Co. Meath, and of Mrs. Moore-Brabazon. Her father was the son of the late Major John Arthur Moore, and assumed the additional name of Brabazon by royal licence in 1866.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

life on the Alps; and a sister, who took Socialism seriously, gave her hand in marriage to a working baker.

The Hour and the Man. The threatened upsetting of the time-tables

came at a time when nobody is quite indifferent to them. Even the Poet Laureate, who seldom leaves the garden that he loves, had been thinking out a holiday and looking up a train. Perhaps a little shifting of the hours did not greatly affect his plans, for the story is, in witness of the poet's fine frenzy, that he takes poetic licenses with the seasons of the day. Replying lately to a lady who had asked him to a meal, he wrote, "I will be very happy to take luncheon with you at 8.30 to-morrow."

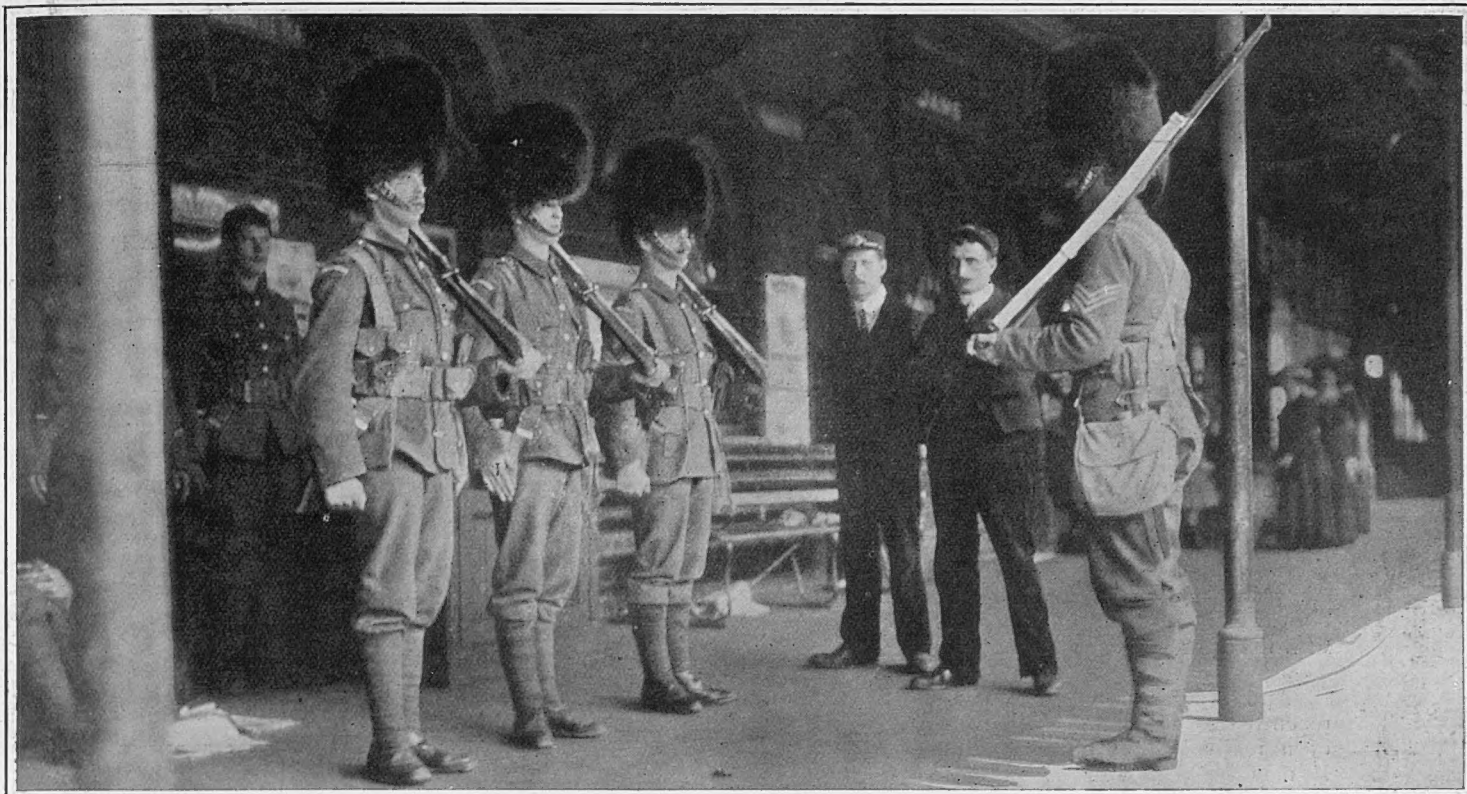
Unaffected Cunarders. The transit of travellers between England and New York has been very anxious. The Duchess of Bedford and the Countess of Dudley arrived in Liverpool to find the House of Lords in ruins and hesitation among porters to help passengers. But while the liners and the ladies were in trouble, Lady Cunard appeared unperturbed among her own particular "Cunarders," her week-end guests at Nevill Holt, who included the Italian Ambassador, Mr. Beecham, and Lady Dufferin.



TO MARRY MR. ALGERNON HYDE VILLIERS: MISS BEATRIX PAUL.

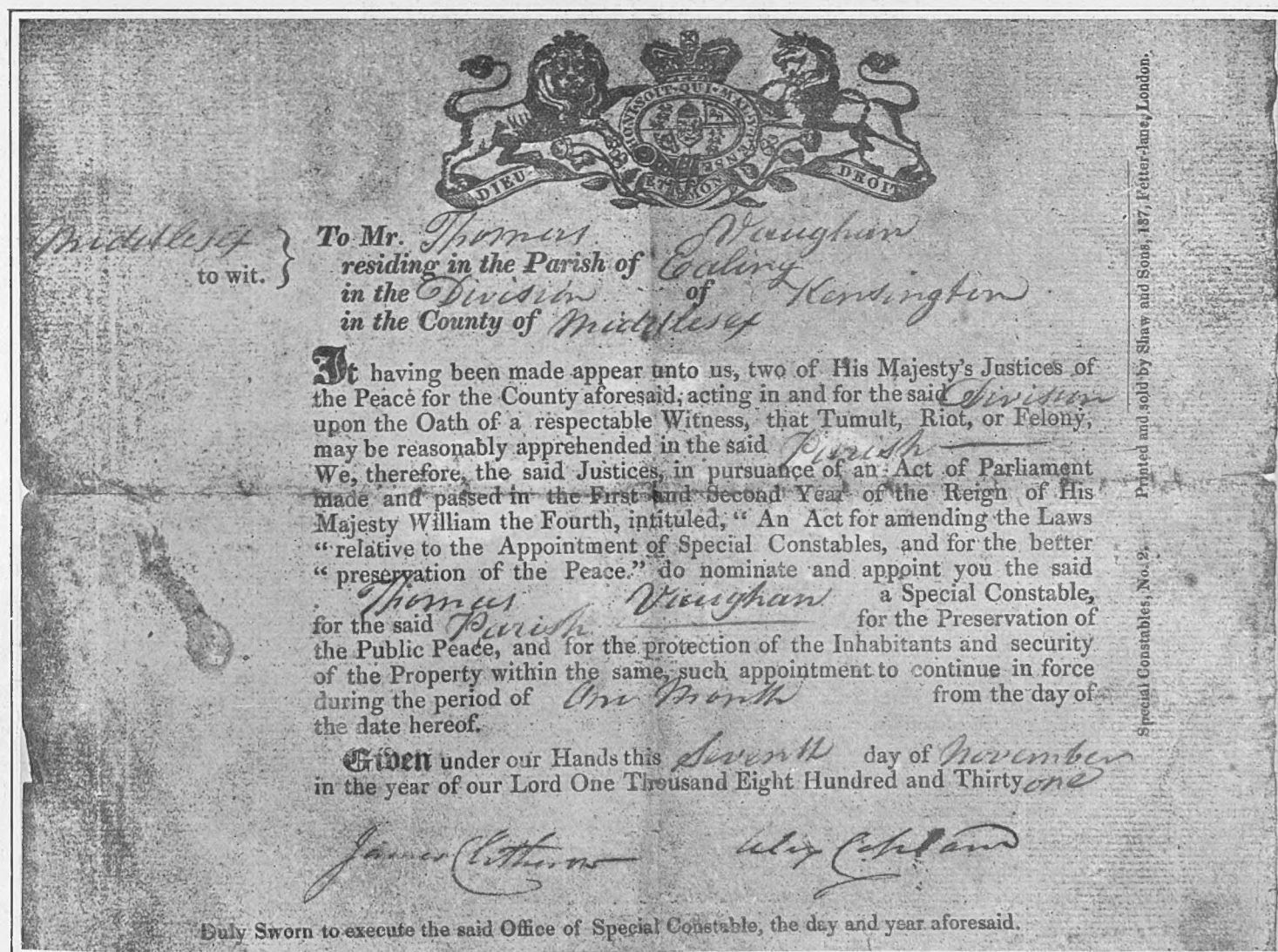
Miss Beatrix Paul is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Paul. Mr. Algernon Hyde Villiers is the youngest son of the Hon. Sir Francis Hyde Villiers, G.C.V.O., and Lady Villiers. The wedding is to take place in October. [Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

STRIKEANA SUBURBANA: CLAPHAM IN 1911, EALING IN 1831.



A PEACEFUL STATE OF WAR ON A LONDON PLATFORM: CHANGING THE GUARD AT CLAPHAM JUNCTION DURING THE RAILWAY STRIKE.

The most noticeable thing about the military occupation of Clapham Junction, as shown by the above incident of changing the guard, appears to have been the peaceful appearance of the surroundings. Some leisurely porters are watching the proceedings with evident interest in this novel episode of the day's work, while in the background may be seen a family party of passengers.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



HOW A SPECIAL CONSTABLE WAS MADE DURING THE GREAT REFORM AGITATION: A CERTIFICATE OF ENROLMENT AT EALING IN 1831.

In view of the fact that seven or eight thousand patriotic citizens recently responded to the call for special constables, it is interesting to see the terms on which a special constable was appointed during the agitation preceding the great Reform Bill of 1832. It is worth recalling that in the riots of 1848, 150,000 special constables were enrolled, among them being Louis Napoleon. Again in 1887, 30,000 were enrolled, and on Black Sunday in that year 5000 were on duty in Trafalgar Square. The above is a facsimile of the certificate of enrolment, dated Nov. 7, 1831, granted to Mr. Thomas Vaughan, a well-known resident of Ealing at that time. The recent call for special constables was first issued by Sir Edward Henry, Commissioner of Police for London, last Thursday, and many hundreds of volunteers at once came forward, including many men of rank.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

THE British Dental Association tells us that dental irregularities have much increased of recent years, and that we are becoming an ugly nation in consequence. Considering that never have the dentists enjoyed such orgies in the mouths of the King's lieges as in the past few years, this is one of the things that had better have been left unsaid.

General Baden-Powell says, "I don't want to prescribe to the mother of my mother how best she may imbibe the contents of the ova of the domestic hen." It is sweet to see the advance of education, and when B.P. has learned a little more he will be able to call a hen a "gallinaceous biped" with the best of them.



And talking of eggs, it was stated at Preston recently that it is impossible to tell the nationality of a really bad egg. It may be that they come from Baden-Baden.

It has been said that if women had the vote only handsome men would get into Parliament; but Sir William Lyne says that there are ugly men in the Commonwealth Parliament who were sent there by women's votes. Name! Name!

The American stage is being denounced by Roman Catholics as a menace to the welfare of the nation, and musical plays especially as menacing public morality. Judging from the specimens brought over here, the American stage is more dull than debauching. But then we never see their "putrid" posters.

SILKY HAIR.

(Hair made from silk comes from Germany. It has the texture of real hair and when once curled keeps the curl better than ordinary artificial hair.)

In the long past Victorian days
Of hoop and crinoline,
The terms of compliment and praise
Were kin to margarine.
Men raved about the lips and eyes
And figures of the "fair";
But what they chiefly seemed to prize
Was soft and "silky" hair.

But Germany for modern girls
Completely spilt the milk,
By making artificial curls
Of artificial silk.
The phrase has altered in the twentieth century, so beware;
It's now a doubtful compliment
To praise her "silky" hair.



The great heart of America is now engaged in a campaign against the domestic house-fly, and representative citizens wear badges inscribed "Swat the fly." Layton Burdette, a gallant youth of thirteen, swatted 82,600 with his own swat (or swatter) one week. And when all the flies

are swatted we shall have some doctor telling us that, owing to the lack of beneficent germs imported by house-flies, we are rapidly becoming a degenerate race.

Doctors have given up the theory that tobacco poisons everybody, and they now know that moderate smoking has a sedative and quieting effect on the nerves. Everybody else found this out many years ago.

The Ulster vintners are asking that methylated spirits should be made undrinkable. Thus we paint the lily and gild refined gold.



GLORIOUS MAN!

(Next year we are to see a further return to colour-schemes in men's wear. Slowly but surely men are emancipating themselves from sombre hues.)

Percy in his boyhood wore upon his back
A frocker, or a tail-coat, all of solemn black,
On his head a topper, and around his shins
Trousers with the narrow stripe tailors know as "pins."

Percy now is aged twenty-three or four,
And the sable frocker covers him no more;
Now he wears a jacket and a pair of trews,
Cut for ease and comfort, dyed in vivid hues.

Of his socks and neckties inordinately vain,
Percy on them lavishes the treasures of his brain.
All the rainbow colours, all the Tyrian dyes,
Dazzle the spectators' unaccustomed eyes.

Percy's like a lily walking down the street:
Solomon must humbly take a hindmost seat;

For that gorgeous person
would be drab and staid

Side by side with Percy
fashionably arrayed.



Fashion note.
"The skirt is to be worn much fuller this autumn." However that may be, nothing could look much fuller than the hobble-skirt. In fact, some of them were so full that there was not room for another scrap of girl in them.

At last the truth is out about those new stamps. They will not stick because the gum arabic on their backs is too good, so the latest official idea is to employ a weaker gum in the hope that it will stick better. In time the G.P.O. will achieve the perfect way and serve out a pin with each stamp.



My lords and gentlemen, pray silence for Mrs. John Lane, who says, "We of the twentieth century are being persecuted to death by progress," and again, "The tyranny of the past is the greatest enemy to progress." Of your charity, let us have a little of the tyranny of the past while there is yet any life left in us.

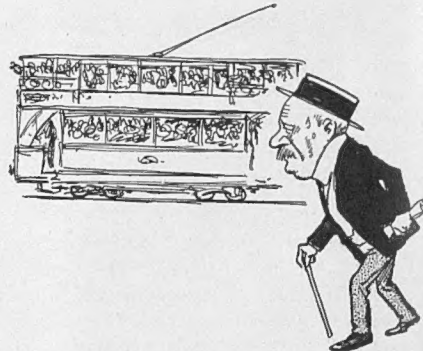
"Owing to the mismanagement of the L.C.C.," says a ratepayer, "car

after car comes up so full that I have to walk to the Plough." Without speculating on the advantages or disadvantages of walking to the Plough, in plain business circles it is

considered the height of good management to get the cars full.

Four comets have already been discovered this year. This is to keep us from feeling lonely in the absence of our dear old friend Halley.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has taken to motor-ing, and is having a network of new roads built for his convenience. That is the beauty of being Ameer of Afghanistan; no County Councils and no Surrey police. If he wants to aviate he will even be able to build new sky-scrappers to keep the air clean.





OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



JUST THE GAME FOR STRIKERS: KOREANS READY FOR THEIR ANNUAL STONE-THROWING CONTEST.

Koreans of all classes, women included, are addicted to stone-throwing. There is an annual stone-throwing fête in towns and villages. The combatants are drawn up in opposing sides, and pelt each other until "time" is called.—[Photograph by L. E. Zeh.]



FISHING-NETS WORN LIKE BRIDAL VEILS: INDIAN FISHERMEN DRYING THEIR NETS WHILE RETURNING FROM WORK.

The photograph shows a group of Indian fishermen, of Madura, returning home after the day's sport with their baskets on their heads, and their nets draped over them, in order to dry in the sun.—[Photograph supplied by Mrs. Chaffee.]



A CURIOUS FEATURE OF BAGHDAD WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED INTO "KISMET": THE QUEER CRAFT ON THE SHORES OF THE CITY OF THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

The scene of "Kismet," Mr. Edward Knoblauch's most realistic Oriental play, at the Garrick, is laid in Baghdad, famed in story as the locale of the "Arabian Nights," and the capital of the genial Caliph, "the good Haroun Alraschid." This photograph, taken on the banks of the Tigris, shows that the Baghdad of to-day keeps much of its ancient character. It recalls something of Tennyson's description, "Adown the Tigris I was borne, By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold, High-walled gardens green and old."—[Photograph supplied by G. Courtelement.]



KEENER THAN THE EMBANKMENT GULLS IN WINTER: SEA-GULLS FLOCKING ROUND A HAUL OF HERRINGS IN THE GULF OF GEORGIA. Myriads of sea-gulls gather round the herring fishermen when they haul out their seine-net full of fish in the Gulf of Georgia. The photograph was taken near Nanaimo, a town of British Columbia, on Vancouver Island.—[Photograph by King.]



HOW THE HARDY NORSEMAN "ARRIVES AT THE CHURCH" TO BE MARRIED: A WEDDING PARTY ON HARDANGER FJORD.

A wedding in Norway, at places on the Fjords, is generally a very picturesque affair, especially when, as in this case, the party proceeds to church by water. The native dress of the girls adds a distinctive touch to the scene.—[Photograph by Topical.]



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

Plays That Make Money.

From an article in the *Daily Mail*, by Mr. James Waters, I see that the theatrical season "1910-11 has been—like the previous one—a commercial success," a statement which may be accurate from some points of view, and certainly is incorrect from others. He classes the productions into five: plays of two or more acts, sixty-one; musical plays, six; one-act plays, twenty-eight; pantomimes and children's plays, three; and revivals of plays of two or more acts, thirty-three, and confines his area to the so-called West-End theatres, and to the Coronet and the Lyceum. Before dealing with these figures I would point out that he omits all the productions by the play-producing societies or by the Irish Theatre, and also the interesting and in many respects beautiful revival at the Lyceum of "Atalanta in Calydon," for which we have to thank mainly Miss Elsie Fogerty: this last-mentioned venture was, I believe, offered to the public on the ordinary terms. There may be good reasons, though I cannot guess them, for ignoring Mr. Hewlett's drama, "Ariadne in Naxos," presented by the Poets' Society, and the clever work by Morley Roberts and Vera Beringer, called "False Dawn," produced by the Play Actors, and several works of real value that were given by the Stage Society, such as Mr. John Masefield's superb tragedy, "Pompey the Great"; and Mr. John Goldie's clever comedy, called "Business"; Mr. Fernald's admirable piece, "The Married Woman"; and the cruel comedietta entitled "The Passing of Talma." I, however, refer to these because they constitute by far the most important and interesting elements in the London year's output, and when we look at the sixty-one pieces enumerated by Mr. Waters, and consider both the failures and successes amongst them, wonder comes that managers had not the wisdom and courage to replace some of the sixty-one by these outside works.

The Foreign Pieces. Of the sixty-one, eight were adaptations from the French; three of these, "Inconstant-George," "The Lily," and "Better Not Enquire," being successful. One of the three deserved its success. Also there were ten American pieces, amongst them a farce, "The Man from Mexico," which ran 150 nights, and "Baby Mine," which, after about 170 performances, is still running. Add three other foreign works, and we find a total left by our own playwrights of forty, eleven of which were based upon novels or stories. According to Mr. Waters, sixteen of the twenty-nine original English dramas were failures, leaving only thirteen to the good. Since Mr. Waters does not give his standard of success, it is a little difficult to identify the thirteen. By a process of exhaustion

I work out that he considers a play which has not enjoyed at least fifty performances as a failure. It may be noted that the Irish Theatre made money at the Court Theatre, although it gave less than fifty performances during its brief repertoire season, and had the expense involved in presenting about a dozen

plays in less than a month. It is, indeed, a remarkable criticism upon the whole of our theatrical system that a play which runs fifty nights, or, indeed, one that runs anything like that number, should be regarded as commercially and artistically a failure. Of course, I am not ignorant of the fact that a

certain percentage of the performances in almost every case is likely to be given at a loss. On looking through the list of the twenty-nine original works that come from the pen of our British dramatists, one is much affected by the fact that the dramatists whom they represent are not as a body those who really count, though, of course, there are some names of importance amongst them—Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Besier, Mr. Maugham, Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. McEvoy, Mr. Parker, and Miss Cicely Hamilton. It must be admitted, however, that one could set against this eight another group equal in number, which the critical would regard as quite as great in importance, no member of which was represented on the English stage last season by a single novelty.



"SERENE WITH ARGENT-LIDDED EYES":
MISS GERTRUDE HOFFMANN
AS ZOBEIDE.



"A BROW OF PEARL TRESSED
WITH REDOLENT EBONY":
MISS GERTRUDE HOFFMANN
AS ZOBEIDE.



"THE SWEETEST LADY OF THE
TIME": MISS GERTRUDE HOFFMANN
AS ZOBEIDE IN "SCHEHERAZADE,"
IN NEW YORK.

"Scheherazade," the ballet given by the Russian dancers, tells of the princess of that name who related the tales of the "Thousand and One Nights" to the King of the Indies and of China. Zobeide, the wife of the Caliph in the stories, is described by Tennyson, in his "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," as "The sweetest lady of the time, Well worthy of the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid."—[Photographs by Frank C. Bangs.]

Novelties.

If the question be asked whether any new British dramatist has been discovered in 1910-11 the answer, unfortunately, must be in the negative as far as the sixty-one plays are concerned. By new dramatist, of course, I mean one with something of his own to say, and his own way of saying it; nor did Sir Arthur, with "Preserving Mr. Panmure," or Mr. Besier, with "Lady Patricia," or Mr. Bernard Shaw, with "Fanny's First Play," make any definite advance; but Mr. Maugham, with "Grace" and "Loaves and Fishes," showed an interesting tendency to work back to his earlier style; and "Passers By" is the ablest of Mr. Haddon Chambers' works. In Mr. Moffatt, author of "Bunt Pulls the Strings," we have, however, a new Scots dramatist of quality, whilst the Irish Theatre has shown a quite splendid promise. Is there anything particular to be said about the acting? Perhaps not—certainly not if we deal only with the performances recognised by Mr. Waters; in them we had very much individual work of excellent quality, but nothing quite extraordinary—nothing, that is to say, which has made an important new reputation, or added very substantially to an old one. In the non-commercial programmes, despite the difficulties due to the question of rehearsals, there have been productions of remarkably fine quality, the most notable aspect of which has been the general excellence rather than the extraordinary individual merit. One might take a rather gloomy view of 1910-11, even if Mr. Waters is correct in thinking that the theatres made money on the whole, because the commercial houses have produced so little of which one can be proud; but regarding the situation as a whole, I think one may form a hopeful opinion, because there are very many promising features which the public does not, as a rule, take into account.

IN THE HAREM OF THE KING OF THE INDIES AND OF CHINA.



THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS" IN THE UNITED STATES: MISS GERTRUDE HOFFMANN AS ZOBEIDE
IN "SCHEHERAZADE."

The theme of the "Choréographic Drama" in one act, "Scheherazade," is from the prologue of the "Arabian Nights," and the action takes place in the harem of the King of the Indies and of China. The ballet, one of those given with much success recently by the Russian dancers at Covent Garden, has been immensely popular in Paris also, and in the United States. In New York Miss Gertrude Hoffmann, the American dancer whose Salome will be remembered, was the Zobeide, and, indeed, "ran" the company, practically all of whom were Russians famous as dancers—including, for example, Mlle. Lydia Lopoukova, Mlle. Marie Baldina, and M. Alexis Kosloff.

Photograph by Frank C. Bangs.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE King, who went to Studley Royal for grouse, did not forget its other attractions. The property is one that never failed in interest for his father before him; and in this respect it is a case of "like father, like son."

For at Studley are combined all the enterprises possible to a country estate. The cows are almost as important there as the birds, and the ruins as inhabitable as the house itself. The King did not need to be reminded that the care of such a place as Fountains Abbey, which is, so to speak, in Lord Ripon's garden, is not an unmixed joy—a famous ruin, as somebody said, is, in fact, as great a worry to its owner as a decayed tooth. Much art is required to keep it in perfect condition without overdoing either the picturesque look of neglect or the

strained to its utmost, and any other method of succession is, strictly speaking, allowed only as a concession to the conveniences. To make a habit of another method is, after all, one way of setting aside the full hereditary law.

The Descent of Woman. Twice in the year a lady's letter has

made men's table-talk. The Countess of Selborne's, printed in the name of Lady Constance Lytton, and now the Duchess of Somerset's, both take their place among the curiosities of the epistolary art. As becomes the defender of the hereditary chamber, the Duchess of Somerset, born a Mackinnon of Skye, is known for her interest in pedigrees and family histories, and more especially in her own. One



ENGAGED TO MR. H. WILBERFORCE BELL: MISS MARGARET FESTING.

Miss Festing is the only daughter of the late Captain Michael Festing and of Mrs. Festing, of 21, Park Crescent, Oxford. Mr. Bell is Assistant Political Agent at Kolhapur.

Photograph by Macnaughten.

spick-and-span touch of the careful restorer. A former visitor to Studley Royal commented on "the incorrectly neat and tidy appearance of the ruins, as if washed and trimmed daily"; and criticism of one sort or another has never been lacking. The Duke of Norfolk also knows the cares of ruinous possessions. At Amblerley the other day he encountered a landscape-painter studying the work going forward there with evident annoyance. And seeing a chance of an honest opinion, the Duke asked him his trouble. At the end of half-an-hour's discussion, the painter said, "Now if a man like you had the care of the place all would be well. The man I'm grumbling at, you know, is the Duke."

"Anak." There is, as it happens, room for comment on the close association of the Duke of Somerset's name with the strictest upholders of the hereditary principle. As the fifteenth Duke, and second Peer of the Realm, he would seem to



WIFE OF THE FAMOUS NOVELIST AND DRAMATIST: MRS. HALL CAINE.

It will be recalled that Mr. Hall Caine caused considerable stir the other day by a vigorous denunciation of a decision by a Manx Judge and jury. This he delivered to a Saturday night audience assembled at the Grand Theatre, Douglas.

Photograph by Bassano.



ENGAGED TO MR. "JOCK" BAZLEY-WHITE: MISS HARRISON-BROADLEY.

Mr. Bazley-White, whose Christian names are John Bazley, is the elder son of Lady Grace Bazley-White, an aunt of the Earl of Rothes.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

be of all men the most fitted to champion the cause; and nobody, not even a despairing Duchess, can point to him as the degenerate offspring of a long line. A hunter of big game, and possessed of exceptional muscle (among his friends he is known as "Anak"), he gives the obvious lie to popular caricatures of the modern holders of ancient glories. But an anomaly, such as it is, is found in the family tree. Hardly any other title has descended by such devious paths. No fewer than eight Dukes of Somerset have died without male issue to succeed them, and the present Duke has no son. The principle of succession from father to son is, then, in this case

the fate that sent so many intruders upon royal preserves to a violent death. Thomas Seymour, another brother, proposed to Princess Elizabeth when she was fourteen. She said "No"; but Queen Katherine Parr, the widow of Henry VIII., said "Yes." When she died, he proposed again to Elizabeth. He, too, went to the scaffold. The first Duke's son married clandestinely Katherine, sister of Lady Jane Grey, for which act he was fined £15,000 and sent to the Tower. Once again the family mania was manifested when a Seymour married Lady Arabella Stuart. The Tower was their town house. The Duke of Argyll and the Duke of Fife can read the tale today, and laugh.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT ERIC HARBORD, R.N.: MISS ROSE JOHNSTONE.

Miss Johnstone, daughter of Colonel "Doddy" Johnstone, Rothsay, Cowes, is to marry Lieutenant Eric Harbord, only son of the Hon. W. Harbord and Lady Eleanor Harbord, only daughter of the late Duke of Grafton. — *(Photograph by Val l'Estrange.)*

story she tells of a Mackinnon dinner shows that she is not the first lady of her family to be quick of speech in the defence of the dignity of ancient institutions. Dr. Johnson being the guest, he was asked by his hostess if he liked the Scotch broth he was part swallowing and part spilling on his capacious waistcoat. "Madam," he replied, "it is a dish best fitted to serve to pigs." "Pray, Sir, allow me to send you another portion," was her retort. "Susan Somerset" to-day does not deal us out anything to equal that. But then, as her Grace is quite sure, we have come on degenerate days!

A Tale of Marriages. Most of the Dukes of Somerset have married the daughters of commoners. But the Seymours, as a whole, have made amends for this concession to Democracy. Royal alliances were for several generations the mania of the family. Jane Seymour set the fashion by becoming the third wife of Henry VIII. Her brother, the first Duke, went to the scaffold, in obedience to



TO MARRY MR. GERARD BRAY THIS MONTH: MISS E. JOAN BROADWOOD.

Miss Broadwood, who is the elder daughter of Mrs. Broadwood, of Lyne, Capel, Surrey, is to be married at Vancouver at the end of this month to Mr. Gerard Bray, youngest son of Judge Bray and Mrs. Bray, of Queen's Gate Gardens.

Photograph by Macnaughten.

SETTING THIEF TO CATCH THIEF: THE OWL AS CROW-DECOY.



1. THE WRONG KIND OF SHELTER FOR THOSE BENT ON SHOOTING CROWS—THE "GUN" IS TOO VISIBLE.

2. A THIEF CATCHING A THIEF: CROWS ATTACKING A STUFFED OWL, ONLY TO FALL BEFORE THE GUNS OF THE HIDDEN SPORTSMEN.

3. SEEKING THE ENEMY AND FINDING DEATH: CROWS, ATTRACTED BY A STUFFED OWL, MEETING SUMMARY JUSTICE.

4. THE RIGHT KIND OF SHELTER FOR THE CROW-SHOOTER—THE "GUN" HIDDEN.

Crows invariably attack owls with the greatest promptitude, making them their target as soon as they see them, and are so intent on securing their quarry that not even the sound of shots will stop them. Hence the use of stuffed owls as decoys by those bent on crow-shooting. The owl is set up some fifteen yards from the sportsman's shelter, which, of course, is constructed on ground frequently passed by the birds, and it provides an irresistible attraction. Failing the stuffed bird, an imitation of an owl's call will draw crows to the gun.—[Photographs by Thévenin.]



MISS LILLIAN SHAW.

AFTER having had the distinction for several years of seeing her name in shining letters of electric light burning along the great White Way of New York as one of the acknowledged stars of the variety world, Miss Lillian Shaw now has the added distinction of seeing her name over the doors of the Pavilion, brightening the golden glow of Piccadilly Circus, which, from the point of view of mere illumination, outdoes any part of Broadway's famous lights.

The Theatre Royal back drawing-room has given many actors of first-rate eminence to the theatre. It was that nesting-place of the amateur in which Miss Shaw's talent was fostered. One evening, *more Americano*, she formed one of a band of very young people who descended upon the home of a friend as members of a surprise party. He happened to have theatrical tastes, and is now the owner of certain theatrical enterprises in America. During the course of the evening Miss Shaw was called on to entertain the company. When she had finished, the host suggested that she ought to go on the music-hall stage. He got her an engagement at the Union Square, then the finest variety house in New York, controlled by Messrs. Keith, whose name may still be seen over the Princess's Theatre, in Oxford Street.

So well did Miss Shaw do in New York that she was offered an engagement at Keith's Theatre, in Philadelphia, at a salary of £10 a week. Naturally, she thought her fortune was made. Two or three days after her opening, however, she received a letter stating that her repertoire was found unsuited to the Keith circuit; but she was offered an engagement on a smaller circuit at a salary of only £6 a week. Nothing daunted, she accepted the inevitable and the engagement. Being ambitious and able to learn a song in an hour, she rapidly acquired an extensive repertoire. Every day she changed her songs until she found some which were enormous successes. At the end of the four weeks of her tour on this new circuit, she had made such a success that Messrs. Keith were glad to engage her on the regular circuit at a salary of £20 a week.

That experience of a rapid rise of salary with a given manager she has enjoyed on several occasions. Once, her agent approached one of the leading managers in New York with a view to an engagement for her. "Don't insult my intelligence by asking me to engage her for my house," sneered the manager. He was so important that, could money have bought a place on the bill, Miss Shaw would gladly have paid to secure that coveted position. That same manager does not consider his intelligence insulted when he now draws a cheque for £100 in favour of Miss Shaw for her services for a week.

Although Miss Shaw now sings her Italian, German, and Jewish songs in evening-dress, because American managers like

what they call "clean comedy" in evening-dress—and she is the originator of the special line in which she is so distinguished a performer—there was a time, in the earlier part of her career, when she used to make up for her parts. To find the types she impersonated, she used to go into the foreign quarters of New York, where the people are as distinct and as distinctive as

they are in London or in any other great city in which there is a foreign element. She would spend hours in shops talking to the people and making all sorts of little purchases in order to keep them in a good humour. Not only in this way did she get her reality in her types, but she got reality in her clothes by the simple expedient of buying them from those who were wearing them and

carrying them off. One day, when she was studying a song supposed to be sung by an old Jewish woman, she went into the Jewish quarter. After "spotting" a woman who appealed to her as being exactly like the character she had in mind, she struck up an acquaintance with her. So many inquiries did she make about the old lady's dress, and so closely did she examine it that the latter became suspicious and thought Miss Shaw was a thief. As they talked the old lady's friends came clustering round to see what was going on. At last Miss Shaw spoke. "I want to buy your wig," she said, for, in deference to a custom which still prevails among certain sections of the Jewish community, the woman had had her head shaved on her marriage and wore a wig. At the suggestion, the old Jewess opened her eyes. "Vot for do you want my wig?" she asked. "Never you mind what I want it for," said Miss Shaw; "how much do you want for it?" "Eight dollars," said the old lady. Miss Shaw counted out the money. "And now I want to buy your skirt, your bodice, your apron, and your earrings," said the little actress; "how much for the lot?" "Five dollars," said the old woman. Miss Shaw counted out the money. The old woman's make-up complete had cost her about two guineas and a half. When the other women

saw the money they were so amazed that every one forthwith offered to sell her wig, her skirt, her bodice, her apron, and her earrings for the same sum down. Miss Shaw, however, was not in the wholesale trade, so she refused their tempting offers and went off home to rehearse in her clothes, in which, in spite of the unlucky number of dollars she had paid for them, she made an enormous success.

Her present engagement at the Pavilion is the outcome of a long-felt ambition to come to London for a vacation, to see what her chances were, and how American performers were received by the audience. Every year, when she proposed coming, her father opposed the idea, as he hates to have her out of his sight. During last winter, however, she made up her mind that she would sign an engagement for two weeks, for she knew that if she were coming on business her father would not make any objections. When she was leaving New York her father said, "Well, you'll be back in four weeks; one week to go, two weeks to play, and one week to come home."

Unfortunately for him, Miss Shaw's success has induced the management of the Pavilion to engage her for another two weeks at the top of the bill. She is so enamoured of London that she would like to stay here for a long time. If she does decide to do this, it is quite certain that no one will repeat to her the title of one of her most characteristic and successful songs, "Sadie Salome, Go Home."



IN THE SHADE OF THE SUNSHADE:
MISS BILLEE SEATON.

Miss Seaton, of the United States, comédienne, is paying her first visit to England, and is appearing at the Alhambra.—[Photograph by Dover Street Studios.]



A COMÉDIENNE FROM THE UNITED STATES: MISS BILLEE SEATON.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



NOW AT THE ALHAMBRA: MISS BILLEE SEATON.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

THE FLOR DE KARAKTA: THE CIGAR AS SEER. CHARACTER INDICATED BY THE WAY OF HOLDING THE "WEED."



1. "LOQUACIOUS, POPULAR, GENEROUS, OPENHEARTED."
2. "THOUGHTFUL, PENSIVE, DELIBERATE."
3. "INTERESTING TALKER, GOOD JUDGE OF MANKIND."
4. "DETERMINED, POSITIVE, AND GENERALLY RIGHT."

5. "A THINKER WHO NEVER LEAPS UNTIL HE LOOKS CAREFULLY."
6. "EXACTING, IRRITABLE, BUT ONE WHO KEEPS HIS WORD."
7. "JOLLY, BLUFF, HEARTY, BUT VERY OBSTINATE."
8. "SCETICAL, PRACTICAL, AND RESENTFUL OF INTERFERENCE."

9. "EXQUISITE IN DRESS AND ALSO IN MANNER."
10. "MOROSE, SOLITARY, GENEROUS WHEN IT MEANS ADVANTAGE."
11. "ABRUPT, ALWAYS SEEKS TO GAIN HIS OWN ENDS."
12. "ECONOMICAL, BUT PERHAPS FROM SHEER NECESSITY."

"Many students of human nature," says "Popular Mechanics," of Chicago, in presenting drawings of these various ways of holding a cigar, "claim that the way a man holds his cigar, as well as the other little mannerisms incident to his habits and life, is a sure key to his character. Definitions of character based on the manner of holding a cigar are here shown."

GOLF — AND GUFF !



THE COLONEL (*having missed his putt*): Now, who the deuce can be expected to play a decent game with those confounded boats bobbing about all the time?



THE YOUTH: Please, Sir, farver's compliments, an' 'e always charges picnic parties wot uses 'is field 'arf-a-crown.

DRAWINGS BY HESKETH DAUBENY.

STUMPED !



HE (*discussing a member of his cricket team*): You know young Barker? Well, he's going to be our best man in about three weeks.

DOROTHY (*coyly blushing*): Oh, Kenneth! What a nice way to ask me!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



MARCHES MOST SINFUL AND CUSS-WORDY.*

WHO were they, those of the Lost Legion in New Zealand? "The men who have not only rolled out the map of the Empire, as the deft hand of a cook rolls out a lump of dough, but who have also held that ground until properly settled by their own countrymen"; the pioneers, the makers of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, who were they? Hutton talks to Burke: "We are chiefly composed of individuals who have run awful muckers . . . a man who once joins *Les Enfants Perdus* is lost for ever, not one man in a hundred ever returning to civilised society. . . . I was once the same as you are now. Good old family, public school, crack regiment, best society in London, and all the rest. What am I now? A knock-about adventurer, stock-rider, prospector, digger, all those I've been and plenty more. I ran a mucker, never mind how, but do you think I never regret the past? . . . You see us drink, hear us laugh and shout, and think what a jovial, high-spirited crowd we are. Jovial, forsooth, yes, with the joy of hell in our hearts and the high spirits born of rum in our laughter; and do you think there is no thought or longing for the old life? . . . as the man dying of thirst in the desert longs for water, so we long for the past life we shall never live again."

What did they do, those of the Lost Legion? Fought superbly against an enemy whose ways of warfare were often undiscussable, a foe strengthened by a creed which seemed armour to them; fought and starved and thirsted, fought and made marches "most sinful and cuss-wordy," fought and advanced over rude paths they had to hew through the dense growth, fought by day and by night, in the open, in the village, in the bush, before trench and in defence, in water and in swamp, in bitter cold, in fog, in rain, fought and died gloriously, many of them, and under what conditions! Burke was about to join the Forest Rangers. "After Hutton had picked out two blue jumpers, he selected with great care two strong and warm but light woollen shawls. 'What on earth are these for?' I asked, as we had plenty of rugs. 'Oh,' he replied, 'when we enter the bush, we discard breeches and trousers, and wear shawls round our waists, like kilts. . . . You see, we have often to use a creek or river bed as a road, either to wade up it or keep on crossing it, and it's deadly work having to march in wet trouser-legs; but with a shawl you can raise it out of the water and continue your route with ease, also make an extra blanket of it.'" "The Rangers were, at this time, armed with a breech-loading carbine of the most primitive pattern. It was loaded with a cartridge the powder of which was contained in a thin skin bag at the base of the bullet, and, when loading in a hurry, it was quite on the cards you burst the skin

and spilt the powder. Then you had to fit on a cap, and after you had the weapon loaded you were more likely to miss a church two hundred yards distant than hit it. Heavy, muzzle-loading revolvers, tomahawks, and sheath-knives completed our outfit of lethal weapons, and every man had to carry one hundred carbine cartridges and thirty revolver ones. Besides this, a man had to hump his swag (carry his pack), the amount and weight of each swag depending entirely on the strength and ability of the humper and the country over which it had to be humped. We had no transport of any kind, nor knapsacks, so whatever we carried was wrapped up in our blankets, which were rolled, drum-shape, and suspended up and down our backs by straps over the shoulders, but not worn across the chest—this method giving free play to the arms." Think, after that, of the professional pride of the scout and perfect cook who could say: "Monsieur . . . a *cordon bleu* should never part with his *batterie de cuisine*. True my hands are occupied while in the bush scouting, so I wear this magnificent pot as a helmet; my friend George likewise wears the bucket, so that, having no use for hats or caps, we have always the wherewithal to cook the dinner." In similar fashion each man had to carry during the Uriwera Campaign "a Schneider carbine with one hundred and sixty rounds of ammunition; a revolver with thirty rounds; and, of course, each man carried his tomahawk, sheath-knife, and pannikin; then each four men had to carry, taking it in turns, an axe, shovel, or pick; then every twelve men in like manner carried a case containing four hundred and eight rounds of carbine ammunition; while each division had to carry five stretchers.

After these loads had been apportioned, each individual might hump as many blankets, as much clothing, rations, and private property as he saw fit; but all officers under field rank had to take their turn at the extra ammunition, tools, etc., as well as to hump their own swag."

So were the men who were helping to fight the Empire into peace. Their foes were the Maoris who belong to that strange creed, the *Pai Marire*, or *Hau Hap*, men who believed that, thanks to the angel Gabriel, they were invulnerable to the bullets of the white man and possessed of the gift of tongues, savages who turned wars which had been waged with splendid courage and wild chivalry into wars of "murder, treachery, and torture on the one side and bitter reprisals on the other."

Little Englishers—if there be any amongst those who glance at these notes—read at once Maori Browne's "With the Lost Legion in New Zealand," mark the unadvertised heroism, the fierce bravery, the silent sufferings of the pioneers who fought in the New Zealand war from 1866 to 1871, and have the strength of mind to be converted. And Imperialists go and do likewise! The book is of supreme interest.



CALLED SANS - GÈNE : MARIE THÉRÈSE FIGUEUR, WHO SERVED AS A DRAGOON FOR TWENTY YEARS, WAS WOUNDED EIGHT TIMES, HAD FOUR HORSES KILLED UNDER HER, AND WAS TWICE MADE PRISONER.



THE WOMAN DRAGOON IN UNIFORM: MARIE THÉRÈSE FIGUEUR.

Marie Thérèse Figueur, who was born in 1774 and died in 1861, answering the call of '93, entered the Dragoons, with whom she served for twenty years, being wounded eight times, having four horses killed under her, and being captured twice. She fought in some dozen campaigns in all, sabring the enemy with the vigour of a man, and earning the nickname "Sans-Gêne." Both the miniature reproduced on this page and the statuette here shown have just been placed in the Army Museum, in the Hotel des Invalides, Paris.

Photographs by A. Harlingue.

* "With the Lost Legion in New Zealand." By Col. G. Hamilton-Browne ("Maori Browne"). (T. Werner Laurie; 12/6 net.)

WHY (AND HOW) SHE WAS "TOUCHED"!



THE OLD MAID: But why should a great strong man like you be found begging?

THE WAYFARER: Dear lady, it is the only profession I know in which a gentleman can address a beautiful woman without an introduction.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



III.—THE MYSTERY OF A PIECE OF CORD.

MY friend Inspector Chance had been on the sick-list for a few days, and I called at his place one afternoon to inquire how he was.

The odour of eucalyptus greeted my nostrils directly I entered the hall, in which his wife appeared. I immediately posed as a Sherlock Holmes, and exclaimed: "Your husband has the influenza."

Mrs Chance smiled. "You are quite right," she said, "but it has been a very slight attack, and John is nearly all right now. Will you come up and see him?"

I have had the influenza so many times that I am used to it, and so I thought I might risk another attack and enjoy a few minutes' chat with the invalid.

The invalid was very glad to see me. He was seated in an easy chair by the fire and was smoking his pipe and reading the newspaper.

"Well," I said, after the first greeting, "for an invalid you look particularly comfortable."

"Oh, I'm all right now; but I think if anybody offered me the choice of the 'flue on full pay and no 'flue with my superannuation allowance I'd take the superannuation. I never felt so miserable in my life."

"What, never?" I said, remembering my "Pinafore."

"Well—'hardly ever,'" replied the famous detective laughing. "But I certainly felt very wretched and down-hearted without the 'flue, some years ago."

"What was it—a professional or a private worry?"

"Oh, professional. I don't think I ever had a personal worry. I've had no time for such luxuries."

I saw that John Chance only wanted a little encouragement to treat me to one of his professional "yarns," as he called them, so I encouraged him,

"I have nothing to do for an hour. I'll smoke a pipe with you, and you shall tell me all about it."

"Right. I'm glad to have somebody to talk to. The story I am going to tell you is about a piece of cord."

He got up and went to a little cabinet in the corner where he kept his "relics," and after searching among the odds and ends stowed away in half-a-dozen drawers, he produced a piece of thick cord about twelve inches long and handed it to me.

"It is only 'a little bit of string,' as the song has it," he said, "but at one time it looked as though it would be long and strong enough to hang a man."

I smiled incredulously.

"You are throwing the hatchet, Chance."

"I am speaking figuratively. That little bit of cord was considered such damning evidence against a prisoner some years ago that there wasn't a man or woman in England who didn't believe him guilty of the capital offence of which he was accused."

"My dear fellow," I said, as I held the piece of cord in my hand and stared at it, "this is interesting. Go on—you do the talking. I'll smoke."

"I was a detective-sergeant at the time it happened, and I always remember the affair, because my Inspector called me a fool. No self-respecting sergeant ever likes to be called a fool by his Inspector."

"But the case?"

"Appeared to be a very simple one. The Rector of a romantic little parish in Surrey had arranged to go up to town with his family and his servants for a fortnight. He left the house in charge of a caretaker, a strong, healthy woman of about fifty. She had to be alone after 9 p.m., as her husband was employed on night-work."

"When she had been at the Rectory two or three days a tragedy happened. Coming from his work at seven in the morning, the husband went to the front door of the house, and found it impossible to make his wife hear."

"He went round to the back and found that the door, though pushed to, was not closed. He was very much alarmed, and at once went to the room occupied by his wife. To his horror, he found her lying on the floor bound, with a stocking thrust in her mouth."

"The poor woman had been suffocated and was past help."

"The horrified man went out and alarmed the neighbours, and the police were summoned."

"The house had been entered in the night. There had been no robbery, it was afterwards ascertained, though the place had been ransacked for valuables. But the ruffian who was the cause of the woman's death had left plenty of clues behind him by which his identity might be proved."

"Lying on the floor was a packet of papers tied up with cord—

no, not that piece you have in your hand. The dead woman's hands and feet were also tied with cord."

"The papers were all written in German—among them was a paper made out in the name of Carl Heinrich Schmidt. It was his 'character'—the sort of paper that a German workman carries with him when in search of employment."

"It was evident that more than one man had been engaged in the crime, but there could be very little doubt that Carl Schmidt was one of them, and had accidentally left his papers behind him. A shopkeeper in the village soon came forward, and stated that he had sold a ball of cord to a foreigner the day before the murder. Two other foreigners appeared to be waiting outside the shop. Shown the cord with which the victim had been bound, he at once identified it as part of the ball, which was of peculiar manufacture and well known in the trade as 'rublay cord.'"

"Several people had seen the foreigners about the neighbourhood, and were able to give a description of them."

"The Inspector of the local police sent word to the Yard that there was an address in the East End on one of the letters found in the packet."

"It was then that the case came into my hands. Armed with the description of the men furnished us, I went to the address, but had no success. I searched all the lodging-houses and 'shelters' where foreigners of a certain class are to be found, but I had to report that I had failed to get a single scrap of information likely to be useful."

"But while I was at work there came the news that a destitute alien had been charged in London with begging, and at the police-court his similarity to the published description of Schmidt had struck the officers. He had given the name of Baumann, but on being closely questioned he had admitted that his real name was Carl Heinrich Schmidt. He pleaded that he had begged for alms because he was about to be turned out of his lodging in the East End. He gave the address, and the room was searched. In it was found a piece of cord."

"The one I hold in my hand?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and that piece of cord was identified by half-a-dozen dealers as being of exactly the same kind—the same special kind—as the ball of cord sold by the shopkeeper to the foreigner, a portion of which had been used to bind the woman while the house was being robbed."

"The shopkeeper would not swear that he was the man who came into his shop for the cord, but Carl Schmidt had a piece of it in his possession, and that was the strongest possible evidence of his having been concerned in the deed. Moreover, at least half-a-dozen witnesses identified him as one of the foreigners who had been wandering about in the neighbourhood just before the murder. Schmidt was committed for trial, and no one who heard the evidence, or who read it, had the slightest doubt of his guilt."

"He had, of course, protested his innocence, and had told a rambling sort of story to try and account for the facts which were such damning evidence against him."

"He declared he had picked up the piece of cord in the street, near his lodgings in the East End. He had also stated that he had been wandering about the country with two foreigners, men whose names he did not know, having met them casually in a lodging-house."

"He declared that one night, when they were all sleeping in some kind of a hut in a wood near the scene of the crime, the men had suddenly turned upon him and robbed him of the few pence he had about him, and had at the same time stolen his papers."

"I was present when Carl Schmidt told his story, and I watched him intently."

"He was a poor, half-starved-looking fellow, and he struck me as being none too intelligent."

"I have said that nobody who heard the evidence adduced before the magistrates doubted the man's guilt."

"But there *was* one exception."

"I don't know how the idea first came into my head, but one evening some of our fellows were talking the case over, and a sudden impulse came to me to argue against them all."

"To my astonishment, as I tried to put the points in Schmidt's favour, I began to think that there was more consistency in his story than anyone had yet allowed."

"My companions thought I was 'putting the case' that way just for my own amusement, and they laughed."

[Continued overleaf.]

Sensations We Particularly Dislike:

Materialised by G. Q. Studdy.



The Poetic Dog! No. III.—Toy Pomeranian.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAUD EARL.



"O, MISTRESS MINE, WHERE ARE YOU ROAMING?" — "TWELFTH NIGHT."

THE MYTH-ING LINK.



THE DEALER: That is the actual fiddle on which Nero played at the burning of Rome.

THE VICTIM: But surely that was a myth?

THE DEALER: Yeth; it had Mr. Myth's name on it, but it's so worn out it's illegible.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Holiday Ideas. Golfing holidays of the unconventional kind were mentioned here last week. There is an increasing demand for them, this being an age of change and novelties when people are tired, or pretend to be, of whatever may be described as "the same old thing," even though the merits of it may be magnificent and undisputed. Golf adapts itself far more splendidly to this state of feeling than those who have not stopped to think upon the matter would imagine. Its variety is endless and its possibilities immense. A golfer who reckons that with proper luck he ought to live for another thirty-four or forty-seven years may have thirty-four or forty-seven—as the case may be—different kinds of golfing holidays, one each year for the rest of his time, though it is likely that, long before he ran the series through, he would go back to the dear, same old things of his early experience and would think them more splendid than ever. At the outset of wondering as to the kind of change that may be made in the golfing holiday, the question naturally arises as to where, then, we shall go. But why go anywhere? There is much virtue in a golfing holiday spent at home, and in writing this I have specially in mind my own case—being that of, as it is reckoned, some twenty thousands of others—as one who lives for the most part and makes his headquarters in London. A little while back one good friend and I were playing the game at one of the fairest and best of all seaside courses, and it happened to us, as it will happen to all sometimes, that we were playing it very badly, and were much sick of everything. So we determined to go back together to London and finish off that golfing holiday there, which we did.

Advantages It was a splendid success. Until you have tried it in this way, you cannot imagine the great possibilities of a holiday of this kind. What you need primarily—as we had—is a good car to be waiting for you with the clubs all bagged up at the back every morning, and that you should be really on holiday, with no social or business engagements of any kind. Now think upon the wonderful extent, variety, and quality of the golf that is thus within your easy reach, and remember that the average London golfer, playing almost exclusively as he does on only one or two courses, with very occasional visits to some others at the invitation of friends, knows as little of it as the average ordinary Londoner knows of the Tower or the Tate Gallery. I have been pained on meeting men who live in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and places like that, to find that they have played on far more London courses

than many of my London acquaintances have, and know more of London golf. Let us say that you have twenty-one days for a golfing holiday, and would play on eighteen of them; here are eighteen different courses for those days, all of them splendid, all of them beautiful in their appearance and surroundings, and all embracing the blessed advantage of being almost entirely deserted in the holiday season, so that you may have your day upon them in the greatest comfort and with no waiting at any hole or upon any stroke: Sunningdale, Worplesdon, Sudbrook Park, New Zealand (Byfleet), Burhill, Prince's (Mitcham), Coombe Hill, Huntercombe, Mid-Surrey (Richmond), Bramshot, Walton Heath, Fulwell, Neasden, Bushey, Hanger Hill, Woking, Sandy Lodge, and Northwood. You might be a thousand miles from London for all the trace of the town there is about these golfing-places on the outskirts of it and within very easy reach by car, and I am sure that, for the non-Londoner, at all events,

and one who does not positively insist upon the seaside, there is no place now for a golfing holiday like the Great Metropolitan area. Of course, visitors must be introduced to these places; but that can generally be easily arranged.

The Continental Coast.

Now another kind of change which is becoming increasingly popular at a very fast rate is to spend the golfing holiday at one of the Continental seaside resorts which are now making a great speciality of the game. Le Touquet led the way in this sort of enterprise, and those who have not tried a golfing holiday there have yet to enjoy one of the most delightful experiences that the game can afford. But there are now various others. There are two or three on the Belgian coast. Then the old course at Wimereux, near Boulogne, has been taken over by a new syndicate, and has been very greatly improved and enlarged, while a new club house is now just about completed. This is a most charming place at which to play the game. A few weeks since I made one of a little party that went to Hardelot, which also is easily reached by train or car from Boulogne. Here the scenery and surroundings are most splendid and deeply interesting. There is a fine sea-front—a delightful plage—the great forest of Hardelot at the back, and the ruined château of Hardelot as the starting-place for the golf, the players driving off from the old tower that was built by Charlemagne at a time when they reckoned the years in three figures instead of four, as we have done for a long time now. I think that for the tired golfer, Hardelot makes one of the most wonderful changes of all.



DRIVING FROM AN ISLAND IN THE "MIRROR" LAKE: AN INTERESTING TEE AT THE HARDELLOT GOLF CLUB, SIX MILES FROM BOULOGNE.



A TEE ON THE TOP OF A NINTH-CENTURY BUILDING: DRIVING FROM A TOWER OF A CASTLE BUILT BY CHARLEMAGNE.

The first tee of the Hardelot Golf Club is unique, for it is situated on the top of one of the towers of a castle built by Charlemagne in 811. The castle itself is modernised in part to act as club house.

Photographs by A. Utlyett.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

TO FRANCE AND FRESH AIR.

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

I AM on my back and wonderfully near the ceiling, so near that I could count the crevices in the white enamel, if I had not such a gorgeous amount of other things to do. I am in *La Grive*, in my cabin, in my little bunk. I am supposed to be having my afternoon nap. Gracieuse insisted—ladies' maids have no pity, they are doubly feminine—and I obeyed as always. But no one can force me to sleep.

We only left London four hours ago, and I have already forgotten what the air feels and smells like over there. Around the *Grive* it's an orgie of freshness, of breeziness, of limpidity. The gusts that come to me through the port-holes make me lick my lips after I have breathed; they taste salt and sweet. The sky is the colour of Austen's eyes and the sea is like green nougat. I could see it all ever so much better from the deck, instead of being pinned down here like a dragon-fly, but I am so accustomed to obey everybody that I do not yet realise that I am married now, and can please myself in everything, that, in fact, I am free. I don't know where Austen is—smoking a pipe, perhaps, in the Captain's cabin at the corner of the deck. My husband knows everyone on board, from the Captain to the red-haired boy who rubs the brass. I want to be introduced to everybody. I am looking forward to knowing the red-haired boy. It's very considerate of him to wear my colour. I think we'll get on beautifully together. I wonder whether the Captain will let him play skittles on deck with us when all the brass is rubbed. But an English boat is the cleanest thing at sea. The very nails' heads are as shiny as mine or the boy's. Poor little beggar, perhaps he won't have time to play with me!

To be out of London is alone a joy. In August England has a little hell of its own—and it's London town. The Londoners are unprepared for heat, and when it comes, like this year, with a vengeance, there are no palliatives handy. I don't know what may have happened since we left (*La Grive* has no wireless telegraphy), but London had no ice during the last sweltering days we spent there. I thought it was most inconsiderate of the strikers. Food and drink one can do without; but how can they expect us to drink champagne that's not *frappé*? I always felt, somehow, that under her calm England was ripe for a revolution; after this thirst "terror" one can expect anything. I am prepared to have my head chopped off when I come back. I am a socialist "of the most convinced" myself, and I do not doubt that those gentlemen of Billingsgate are quite justified in their demands—only, can't they be courteous, and our drinks palatable?

In London, for or after dinner, you can go to no pleasant, cool place that suggests that the country has come to you. There is no Bois, no Pavillon d'Armenonville, no Pré Catelan, no open-air music-halls, no café-terraces as in Paris. And yet it is not Parks and Gardens that are lacking in and around London. What and where is Hampstead Heath? I have never been there, but I have heard it said that it is a much-frequented

place. Why not instal there an elegant summer rendezvous for fashionable London? Or is it too far? What about Epping Forest? Where is it, and could it rival the Bois? I only know of one restaurant in London which has a terrace, and then, as if ashamed of so much initiative, that stretch of breathing-space has been perched high up above, for fear, perhaps, the people on top of omnibuses might actually see customers eating. What is there inelegant in eating? Methinks people who consider eating gross have never watched a pretty woman melting an ice on the tip of her tongue, or a child gobbling up cherries after dangling them in the air by the stem.

Some time ago, as we were coming back from Oxford, we stopped at a riverside inn at a place called Pangbourne. But you must not judge the village by its name. The river is there as pretty as it knows how to be, and we had a lunch such as I shall never fail to remember (for my sins) every

Friday. I am a Catholic, you know. Only that sumptuous lunch was served to us in a warm room, quite uninteresting in itself, and rendered exasperating by the nearness of the Thames and the trees seen through its doors. In front of the room was a large, wooden balcony, made on purpose, it would have seemed, to have luncheon *à deux*, to throw crumbs of the feast to the fishes, and crumbs of happiness to the universe who might be passing by. I know Thames fishes don't want to be fed; but it really does the universe a great deal of good to contemplate two young people, with forks poised and forgotten glasses held mid-air, and a happy hunger look about them—not merely for their food. But it seems the landlady of the inn was not of the same opinion. If only it had been a landlord, no ordinary human man is invulnerable to coaxing. "No," she said; "we serve teas on the terrace, but never luncheons or dinners." I asked why. "We don't do it," she explained.

"If it is because of the trouble," I pleaded, "we'll transport the table ourselves." But it was not a question of trouble, but of precedent. They had never done it before, and there we were—and there we stayed, in the banal dining-room. When we are in France, I am going to have even my *café-au-lait* or chocolate under the acacia trees. And in the evenings the lamp will make a perfect table—centre of light that will lure all the insects of the forest to a greasy grave in our *potage*. The friendly hands of all the dear people I go to meet will be white under the glare and their faces softened by the crepuscule. These familiar evening meals always move me almost religiously. The twilight isolates the bodies around the big table, while the presence of every soul in that love circle is felt more intensely still. It's not a dinner, it's a communion feast.

Half-a-mile away the sea purrs like some huge cat made content by so much domesticity and the coming of night. After dessert we'll hear the flutes of the big yellow toads under the arum lilies. . . . In three days now!



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: LADY HELEN GROSVENOR AND SIR S. H. CHILD, Br.

Lady Helen Grosvenor, the youngest of the Duke of Westminster's five aunts, is nine years his junior, having been born in 1888, while the Duke was born in 1879. She is the youngest daughter of the late Duke (grandfather of the present Duke), and sister to the Duchess of Teck. Her other sisters are the Marchioness of Ormonde, Lady Chesham, and Lady Mary Crichton. Sir Smith Hill Child, who is the second baronet, was born in 1880, and is a Lieutenant in the Irish Guards. He served in the South African War and has received the M.V.O.

Photographs by Keturah Collings and Lafayette.



A SCION OF A RULING INDIAN FAMILY: THE YOUNGEST SON OF THE RAJA OF KAPURTHALA.

The young Prince is the youngest son of His Highness Jagatjit Singh Bahadur, Raja-i-Rajgan of Kapurthala, K.C.S.I., who was born in 1872, and succeeded at the age of five. Kapurthala is a state in the Punjab, with an area of 652 square miles, and a population of some 314,000.

Photograph by Reutlinger.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

Cyclists take the Lights.

Rumour is seldom credited, so that a report which gained currency to the effect that cyclists had refused the Reflex Lights proffered by the A.A. and M.U. would appear to be incorrect. It was suggested that cyclists feared to accept the Reflex Lights lest they should form the thin end of the wedge of rear-lighting, and an ordinance as to the carriage of a red light by cyclists showing aft should presently be promulgated. Indeed, I believe this view was assumed by the leading lights of the representative cycling body, and that cyclists were advised to turn from the proffered gift. However this may be, cyclists as a body appear to be out of hand as far as their leaders are concerned, for I learn that, unlike the shares of many companies, the ten thousand lights have been over-applied for. The list is therefore closed, and the Reflex Lights are being sent out as fast as delivery can be obtained. The executive of the A.A. and M.U. are taking every care that applications are dealt with

strictly in the order received. Those who, alas, have come too late will be so informed.

Tall Testimony!

In perusing the review of Mr. P. G. Konody's "Through the Alps to the Apennines," I note a quotation which stands as high testimony to the quality of Michelin tyres. From all I have heard of motor touring in "the Boot" the roads are only to be compared to dust-heaps, and Mr. Konody would appear to have had a deal of trouble in this respect. After a long wait for a tyre, due to arrive from Florence, and which evidently did not materialise, this inter-



THAT THE WORLD MAY BE UNROLLED BEFORE HIM: THE AIRMAN'S NEW MAP.

This new map for airmen, which has been adopted by the Blériot firm, works on rollers. In company with it are clock, compass, and barometer.—[Photograph by Topical.]

esting writer says: "Next morning brought no better luck, and we had to content ourselves with a Michelin, which was perhaps for the best, for we had no further trouble with that particular wheel, while henceforward the other back wheel became the source of endless heartbreaking delays." I should imagine that, under the circumstances, Mr. Konody was something pleased that "he had to content himself with a Michelin."

A Refinement in Lubrication.

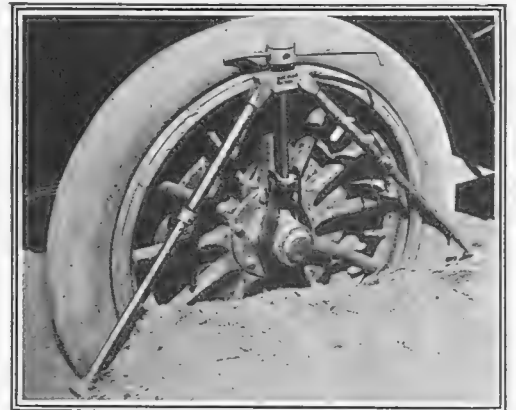
In "Some Recent Patents," published in the *Autocar*, I note the illustrated description of a patent taken out for universal joint lubrication. In this device a small oil-ump is formed in the lower part of the differential gear-casing, from which a small direct-acting force-pump, eccentrically driven off the back axle, pumps oil through a pipe running along the propeller-shaft casing to the universal-joint casing, which joint rotates in an oil-bath. The overflow-oil runs down the propeller-shaft casing back to the sump, lubricating the roller-and-ball-thrust bearings at the rear end of the propeller-shaft. The suction-pipe is so placed that the differential-gear casing can never be pumped dry of oil. This is a real step in advance, for the grease-lubrication of universal joints is never entirely satisfactory.

Progress Indeed! Since the amalgamation of the Automobile Association and the Motor Union the growth of this linked body has been nothing short of marvellous. In his speech

before the annual general meeting held awhile since, Mr. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., the chairman, very pardonably claimed a record for progress. At the close of the half-year the Association numbered 31,851 members: the list had now swelled to well over 32,000, and since the amalgamation over 6000 motorists hitherto unnumbered amongst the ranks of either body had joined the A.A. and M.U. The chairman suggested that these remarkable figures clearly justified the amalgamation, and pointed to the approval felt by outside motorists in this consolidation of motoring interests. It is interesting to note that no less a sum than £94,000 has been deposited by members on cars taken abroad for touring purposes. And that sum, thanks partly to police traps and hotel charges, will be largely augmented before the close of the touring season.

The Price of Petrol.

The petrol question is very much with us at the moment, and just what the position may be when these words see the light it is hard to say. On Saturday and Sunday, 12th and 13th inst., some very fancy prices were asked in and around London. I heard of 2s. 6d. per gallon being paid at one garage in the West End; but, to say truth, this price was charged to a customer who at other times bought his petrol elsewhere. But the sudden leap in price after two days' cessation of unloading does give us furiously to think, and shows how terribly hand-to-mouth our position is with regard to this liquid fuel, which has now become almost a necessary of life. And the quantity produced in this country compared with the amount used is a mere bagatelle. The present position should reawaken interest in alcohol again, for, lulled into a sense of false security by the apparent plenteousness of petrol, the question of the alcohol engine, and the provision of alcohol as a liquid fuel, has been allowed to drop out of sight.



REMEMBER THIS WHEN IT RAINS AGAIN! A JACK FOR RAISING MOTOR WHEELS STUCK IN THE MUD.

The motor jack illustrated has just been devised by an American mechanic. The legs of the jack are adjusted to any length, and the device may be passed under the axle to change a tyre or to remove a wheel sunk in the mud. In the former case the legs are dropped and the hub band is removed.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



THE KING OF THE EGBOO, MOTORIST: THE ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA, IN SOUTHERN NIGERIA, ON HIS CAR, WITH HIS SECRETARY OF STATE, MR. EDUN.

The Alake of Abeokuta is one of the latest converts to the motor-car. His predecessors were never allowed outside the precincts of the palace, but the present King of the Egboos has not only broken through this custom but has quite recently purchased the motor-car in which he is here seen.—[Photograph by Gallitichan and Gasquinot.]



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

York Races. York August Meeting, although it is held in what is considered to be the quietest period of the season, is nevertheless one of the most important fixtures licensed by the Jockey Club, and never a year goes by but what some of our best horses compete there. The names of owners of the best class are more conspicuous on the York programmes than at many of the other meetings, and several big landlords in the North annually have shooting and racing parties for the August meeting. On such "class" programmes, such as are fixed for this particular meeting, one finds a preponderance of weight-for-age races, and with the conditions of the various Biennials similar, horses are doubly and trebly engaged, with the result that the size of the fields is, in those particular races, below the general average. But this is a small matter, and the sport being run on the very best lines, it is a real pleasure to be out on the Knavesmire. Especially is this so nowadays. For with all the bother that existed about the lease of the racecourse settled, the executive have transformed the stands and enclosures into the most up to date, comfortable, and commodious imaginable. Perhaps the race which attracts most public notice at the August Meeting is the Gimcrack Stakes, and one cannot, in these latter years, help but associate Colonel Hall Walker's name with the race, he having won it four times; the victorious horses were Royal Realm, Colonia, Polar Star, and Lily Rose. It may be imagined, then, that one turns naturally to the entries to see what the Colonel has in next week. He has nominated half-a-dozen—namely, Absolute, Fantasio, John Amendall, Rattlejack, Cuthbert, and King Oswald. Of this sextet, Rattlejack seems to have most claim to attention. In the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Sandown he finished fourth, after getting badly away, to Adula filly, Jingling Geordie, and Cataract. On that occasion Jingling Geordie was giving him 3 lb., but at York, owing to the fact that Mr. Buchanan's colt has incurred the extreme penalty of 9 lb., and that Rattlejack is a maiden and will thus be able to claim a 5 lb. allowance, it will be seen that he stands a very rosy chance of mulcting his owner in his fifth Gimcrack speech. Other horses that have earned the full penalty are Mr. Hulton's Lomond, Mr. Bower Ismay's Hall Cross, Mr. J. B. Joel's White Star, and Mr. Ledlie's Lady Americus. Should these and the two I have been discussing go to the post, we shall have a race worthy of the best traditions of the Gimcrack.

The Drought. It is many years since we had such a prolonged spell of dry weather and brilliant sunshine, and what is joy to the holiday-makers, who will never forget the summer of 1911, is almost despair to crop and stock raisers and

racehorse-trainers. Those who are lucky enough to occupy land on the Downs have a pull over other trainers, for down-land never loses its spring, and a horse would stretch himself out on it; whereas, on soil of a different substance, he would go very warily. Newmarket enjoys an advantage over many training-grounds, for

the gallops there, known as "the Limekilns," always afford good going. The state of the training-grounds has been reflected in the succession of small fields at the various meetings. At this time of the year, one doesn't expect large troops of horses to compete in races, owing to holiday-making generally; but during the last few weeks we have touched record in this respect, and in more than one instance the absolute minimum has been reached. The number of those who had been hoping to see Sunstar win the St. Leger was legion before the news of his breakdown came. In spite of the drought, Morton has been able to keep such heavy horses as Sunflower II. and Sunningdale racing fit, showing that at Wantage the gallops are not so bad as at other places. It is doubly unfortunate that the ground is so hard just now from the racehorse-trainer's point of view, because those who have Cesarewitch candidates under their charge are eager to begin long galloping, if the horses are to be got absolutely fit for such a strenuous race. One or two batches, notably Taylor's, have been doing two-mile work. The Manton trainer and Gilpin seem to be two of the few remaining masters of the art who give their charges the long work necessary to fit them for a long-distance race. Some of the younger school think that just a

few long gallops interspersed with spins over short distances are all that is required. But Taylor and Gilpin remain in solitary state

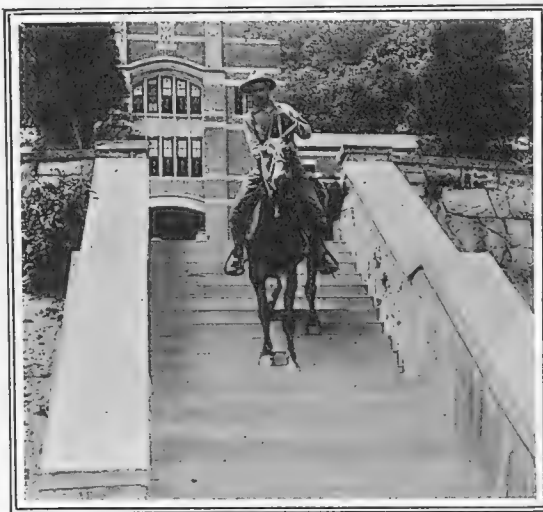
unchallenged as trainers of stayers.—which seems to prove the efficacy of their methods. Gilpin has three Cesarewitches to his credit during the last few years, and Taylor's record in long-distance races is unique.

MONDAY TIPS.

BY CAPTAIN COE.

Stockton, to-day: Zetland Plate, Harmony; County Stand Handicap, Spanish Coin; Stewards' Handicap, Droski or Silver Strand; Hardwicke Stakes, Pitmaston; Lambton Stakes, Svetec. To-morrow: Durham Produce Plate, Goliath; Wilton Welter, Silver Strand or Lichen; Middlesbrough Welter, Hackler's Girl; Elton Plate, Toggery. Bath, to-day: Grosvenor Handicap, Corfu; Dodington Welter, Corfu or The Imp. To-morrow: Bath

Handicap, Dennerly; Sprint Handicap, Blind Justice. Hurst Park, Friday: August Handicap, Fair Test; Hurst Stakes, Horner's Beauty; Earlsfield Welter, Subterranean. Saturday: Lennox Plate, Stedfast; Champion Sprint, Minehead or Prince San; Vynor Handicap, Waverley; Maiden Plate, Sylphide; Walton Handicap, Lychnis.



A STAIRCASE WALTZ BY A COW-PUNCHER AND HIS MARE: A TEXAS PARALLEL TO THE FAMOUS DANCE IN "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG."

There is nothing new under the sun, as has often been remarked, not even the famous Staircase Waltz in "The Count of Luxembourg." Our photograph shows a Texas "cow-puncher," who has taught his favourite mare Arizona to walk up and down steps just like a human being. The rider on his many journeys to the nearest town to deliver messages for his master makes his calls on horseback, and negotiates flights of steps in the manner shown without dismounting.—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



SAFER FOR THE PURPOSE THAN A HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLE: AN ARMoured POLICE MOTOR-VAN PATROLLING THE STREETS OF LIVERPOOL.

During the strike disturbances in Liverpool the police used an armoured motor-van with bullet-proof sides for patrolling the streets, manned by a number of armed constables. Obviously, in this case, a motor-driven vehicle was much safer than one drawn by horses, which would be liable to be injured or panic-stricken by missiles from the mob.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Apotheosis of Trouville.

During three brief weeks of the year Trouville, like certain other obscure spots on the world's surface, wakes up to find itself famous. A seaside place which has lost a good deal of its former elegance—for this little *bains-de-mer* on the Normandy coast is somewhat like a faded beauty who has lost caste among her own set—she emerges from her dowdiness for three weeks in August and presents to your astonished eyes all that is most amazing from every "world" in Paris. Of course, there are unwritten laws which every Parisian who is anybody observes. Wild motor-cars could not drag them to stroll along the celebrated "plank-walk," which is left to Peruvians and Jews, English tourists and turbaned Moors, to middle-class folk from every country. Neither do the modish Parisians bathe at Trouville. If they want to swim, or even to dip in the waves in a fashionable black-silk bathing-dress, they do so at Deauville, where American Dollar Princesses congregate, and the golf-links, polo-grounds, and racecourse hold their world together. So the striped tents on the sandy beach contain, not heroes and heroines of French Society novels, or husband, wife, and the "tertium quid," but bunches of fat babies in red jerseys and bare feet, honest burgesses and large-sized matrons, with here and there the inevitable nurse with her white cap and floating plaid ribbons. The stout gentlemen who inspect you with opera-glasses from a safe position on the sands are apt to wear alpaca coats and strange hats instead of suits from Savile Row; and if you grab a small, struggling human thing and help it into the shore-boat, it will not answer you in French, but in good American.

The Sacred Spot.

If you want to see all that is elegant and modish in Deauville, Trouville, and the surrounding villas, you must walk in the narrow little Rue de Paris, with its pastrycooks and jewellers, its bogus antiquities and its stupendous hats. It has its secret hour, to be sure, this promenade of the worldlings, and one year it may be from half-past eleven till half-past twelve, and in another the rite is accomplished when the air has cooled, and from six to seven you may accustom your eyes to fashions which London will wear next winter, and to the ambiguous smile of the Parisian clubman. Here, as Paul Hervieu puts it, are to be seen those inseparables, the people who enjoy everything and the people who never enjoy anything, but who always hunt in couples, adding a keen zest to each other's lives. Here come, shuffling, in gowns so tight as to

Travelling in France.

Let no one suppose that to arrive at Trouville from any other part of France is an easy matter in these days of socialism and sabotage. Trains are vague, permitting themselves an hour or so of grace in arriving, and you are lucky if an iron bar or so, or an absent "sleeper," is not the cause of your being wrecked and cast headlong into space. At small stations where you change trains, porters are a negligible quantity, and if you have been foolish enough to take with you into your carriage any heavy handbags, you must shift for yourself and perform prodigies of athleticism in removing them from the racks at a temperature of 97 deg. in the shade. Perhaps, in response to frantic appeals, an unwashed and unshaven individual of some sixty summers, in a blue blouse, and smoking a pipe, will thrust his head into your carriage and undertake to hand your small appurtenances out for the sum of one franc. Moreover, this strange specimen of a railway porter has a subtle humour of his own. He loves to head you off to a train which is going to spend hours in sidings, and what time you are sizzling in a fusty, cloth-covered compartment in the burning sun, waiting for Providence to send you on to your destination, he is doubtless chuckling at the easy way he has effected the discomfiture of the *bourgeois*. For the wrath of the working classes in France is not directed so much against aristocrats or Governments as against any contemporary who has clean hands and decent clothes. It is a sorry situation, and no one can see in what way it will end.

The Charm of the Château.

It has been my agreeable fate to spend the last week or two in French country-houses of the period of Louis XIV., and they have each proved to be the best of shelters against a too enterprising sun. The solid walls, the deep window-sills, the ample shutters, and the stone or tiled floors are made for sultry Augusts, though how they ever contrived to warm these engaging residences in winter-time is a problem which I have not yet solved. Then the wood-panelling of the large, airy, and high-ceilinged rooms, picked out in sky-blue—and so unlike the wood-work of an English house—is a perpetual delight, with mysterious cupboards high up beyond reach of human hand. The little dressing-rooms and powder-closets attached to each bed-chamber, with their vistas of open windows and mirrors, are specially attractive and curiously French. In one château the spirit of the eighteenth century had been so rigorously preserved that a spinet replaced the ordinary piano of commerce, and on this instrument my hostess evolved the pathetic, minor-chord harmonies of the time of Lully. Out of doors there is a less marked difference between English country-houses and French ones, for the Normandy gardener, at any rate, is enamoured of the horticulture of England. His herbaceous borders would do credit to the doourest Scottish gardener, and smooth lawns are the summit of his desire. In every château, however, there is that essentially Gallic feature, an umbrageous *allée*.



[Copyright.]

A SUGGESTION FOR A CASINO GOWN.

The Casino gown here illustrated is in shot blue-and-green taffetas—the bodice covered with embroidered net in all tones of purple and green.

render walking a problem, actresses from the Boulevard theatres, looking like somewhat sinister dolls, and fine ladies who make the mistake of imitating their sisters of the footlights too closely, with their fatigued-looking admirers in attendance, and dogs of every modish breed. It is Paris crammed into two hundred yards.



[Copyright.]

A SUGGESTION FOR A MOTOR-WRAP.

The illustration shows a motor-wrap in thin apricot-coloured cloth, the collar and cuffs faced with dark-green velvet.

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

Well Out of It. We who are away from London have every reason to congratulate ourselves. We get our papers the morning after they are published, which is quite soon enough to read of all the riots and disorders, accounts of which go so far to fill them. The *Scotsman* reaches us in the afternoon, and even that cautious print shows to what straits labour unrest has brought us. Here food-supplies need not worry us: there are sheep and cattle on the crofts and hills, grouse on the moors, fish in the sea, and they are all at hand. With a railway strike in progress we could not get home, a fact that will not worry us while we have weather so superb as now. This is the selfish and personal point of view; the inconvenience to the general public, who pay the piper but are not allowed to call the tune, is as inexcusable as it is inconceivable. It has already come to putting soldiers on to guard and partly work the railway services, and by the time this appears it may have even come to bloodshed. Whatever it comes to, what I regret is that the really responsible people will not be those who will suffer.

The Scotch Season. Seldom has the Scotch season been inaugurated with such glorious weather. The sunshine which had become a burden in the South is here delightful by reason of the cool, fresh breezes with which it is tempered. We never have it all day, either. The mornings, and often the afternoons, cloud over, just enough to let us see the hills and the rivers and the sea in differing conditions. The Duke and Duchess of Portland arrived at Langwell in time to start the shooting season on the orthodox day. There was no one at beautiful Dunrobin Castle until the end of last week, when the Marquess of Stafford came up. The Duchess of Sutherland is said to be coming, but she spends little time up here now in the season, and the Duke has gone to America. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster are expected this week at Loch More Lodge, in Reay Forest, for grouse shooting, and later for stalking, at which sport the Duchess is very good, and the Duke is shaping to be as fine a stalker as his grandfather, the late Duke, which is saying much. The Lodge is most grandly situated in the midst of very fine, wild scenery, and is many miles away from any railway station. Not many seasons ago a man was lost on the moor going there with a cartful of baggage. The horse's instinct saved it and the cart, but the poor man evidently strayed away a bit and got lost on the moor. Lord and Lady Derby have not yet come up to their shooting; when they do they will entertain very quietly, as the Countess is in mourning for her mother, the late Louise, Duchess of Devonshire.

London in At this time of year many people find themselves homeless in the Metropolis. Business, or duty in some form, takes them there, or it may be that they prefer to do their sightseeing at a time when town is not too full. In all instances comfortable quarters are wanted. These will be found in the Sloane Gate Hotel, which has so many advantages that it is impossible to embody them all in a short paragraph. First of all, convenience is assured; the main entrance is in Basil Street, and a side entrance opens into the Knightsbridge Tube. Many of London's best-known shops are close, Hyde Park

is across the road, and any part of the great capital can be reached with ease and in comfort. The hotel is homely, refined, and comfortable, and being away from the main thoroughfare it is quiet. The cuisine, under the supervision of a French chef, is excellent, and all the public rooms are charmingly furnished, quiet, and elegant. Many enclosed suites of apartments are also obtainable. Telephones for all visitors are provided on each floor. The terms are very moderate; indeed, considering the situation, they are astonishingly so. Although the tube is so easily accessible, there is, owing to the great depth at which the trains run, no sound nor the least vibration experienced in any part of this excellent hotel.

British Scents for British Noses.

There are many things in which Britons have a lead. While ambergris and various gums and spices freely used in the manufacture of perfumes cannot be said to be essentially British, we have our own lavender, than which nothing is more refreshing, and few things more delightful. Queen Alexandra, to whom all perfumes are familiar, and who is a connoisseur in scents, loves it. A form in which it is most liked by all sorts and conditions of men and women is in smelling-salts. Consequently a vast success has been secured by the Crown Lavender Salts, put up in green glass bottles with the familiar crown-shaped stoppers. These possess not only the delicious and exhilarating fragrance of English lavender, the finest in the world, but certain stimulating and refreshing properties which have been specially valuable during this hot, dry summer.

There is no cooler part in England than the East Coast, and information recently obtained from East Anglian holiday-stations describes the weather as most enjoyable—brilliant sunshine, accompanied by a cool and pleasant breeze. Those who are considering their holiday arrangements or contemplating spending a week-end out of town should not finally decide their plans until they have perused the various guides of the East Coast resorts, together with information as to the travelling facilities at present available. Programmes can be obtained gratis at any of the Great Eastern Company's railway-stations or London offices; also upon sending a post-card to the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

For the Dieppe races on Aug. 24, 26, 27, 29, and 31, the Brighton Railway have announced cheap return tickets to Dieppe on Aug. 23 to 30. A special fourteen-day excursion is announced from London to Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris on Fridays and Saturdays, Sept. 1, 2, 29, and 30, by the express day or night service. Full particulars can be obtained from the Continental Traffic Manager, Brighton Railway, Victoria Station.

Connoisseurs of high-class champagne have noted with satisfaction that the exceptionally fine, and delicate 1906 vintage of the Ayalas (whose wine has been deservedly held in high esteem in England since 1865) has had a phenomenally rapid sale, notwithstanding entirely unfounded rumours to the effect that they are retiring from business, or that their stock has been so diminished as to make it impossible to satisfy the demands of their old customers. Much sympathy with them was aroused by the attack made upon their premises last April, as the Ayalas have never put any cheap brands on the market, and never use any wine produced outside the champagne country, in which their business has flourished for nearly eighty years, and where three generations of the family have been deservedly respected.



A FAMOUS AMERICAN SPORTSWOMAN TO GO INTO DOUBLE HARNESS: MISS ELEANOR SEARS, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. HAROLD S. VANDERBILT.

Miss Eleanor Sears, of Boston, is well known in American society for her riding and athletic feats. Among other exploits she established a four-mile swimming record for women in the sea off Newport, and last year, in California, she walked 108 miles in fifty-five hours, wearing masculine attire. She was the first girl in the States to tempt the perils of the air in an aeroplane, going up as a passenger with Mr. Grahame-White. Her fiancé, Mr. Harold Sterling Vanderbilt, of New York, who is a millionaire, is a son of Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, and brother of the Duchess of Marlborough.

Photograph by Topical.



AT THE AGE WHEN "EVERY GOOSE IS A SWAN": PRINCESS JULIANA OF HOLLAND WITH THE TOY SWAN GIVEN HER BY PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES.

If in childhood, as Kingsley says, "every goose is a swan," what must such a splendid swan as that given by President Fallières, on his recent visit to Holland, to Princess Juliana appear in the eyes of its imaginative owner? As the photograph shows, the Princess's taste in toys, like that of most little girls, runs chiefly to animals and dolls—Dutch dolls, in this case more sumptuous than those usually so described. Princess Juliana is now aged just over two years and three months, having been born on April 30, 1909. Her mother, Queen Wilhelmina, married Prince Henry of Mecklenburg in 1901, and she is their only child.

Photograph by Guy de Coral.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THERE is a type of sportsman very much in evidence just now, who does many unsportsmanlike things because the law allows them. He has started already to shoot black-game, if he be tenant of a shoot that holds some, just because a rather foolish regulation brings the birds into season on the 20th of August, instead of retaining the close time until the old birds have recovered fully from their moult and the young ones have developed fully the white tail-feathers that are so distinctive. It is not difficult to understand why a young man who flushes black-game at the end of the third week of August cannot resist the temptation of bagging one or two; but I have often seen black-game, whose plumage should have protected them, shot by middle-aged men who have been on the moors regularly for years; nor have these "sportsmen" always spared the grey hen that at this time of year is about as hard to hit as a domestic fowl. Those who have shot black-game in October or November, when the birds are in full, strong flight and the pace is quite baffling, must regret the slaughter of the innocents that takes place in the last days of August, when the birds cannot fly properly and are not at their best on the table.

Equally objectionable is the "flapper-shooting" that came in with August, and is practised by river, loch, and broad, wherever wild duck congregate and fools pursue them. Of all banal sport it would be hard to name anything more offensive than the destruction of the young duck that are quite unfit for the table. There is no question of skill in shooting, there is very little excitement, and the deliberate waste of wild life is to be deplored. Given a chance to arrive at maturity, and the wild duck is worth a deal of trouble: he is a fine flyer, and if well driven gives a fine sporting shot. But in August the young duck is as helpless and as valueless as the young black-cock, and in these days when the conditions of sport tend more and more to become refined, it seems strange that the sportsmen who throng both Houses of Parliament should do nothing to put an end to conditions that are repugnant to most decent men.

As far as black-game are concerned many tenants of northern shootings make their own regulations. I have known more than one shooting where black-cock are left in peace till September, and the man who lays a grey hen low is called upon to pay a penalty. I tried for myself the effect of giving the black-game a three years' rest on a shooting in Scotland, and the results were very satisfactory, in spite of the statement of an old and experienced gamekeeper that

old birds should be shot down. The difficulty of doing so was very great even when the three years were up, because the veterans were extremely cunning, and the corn on the lowlands was not always cut when I left for the south at the end of September. In the early morning, when they had taken their dawn flights and breakfasted, I think the old birds sought the corn; certainly they were never so plentiful as in a fine autumn when I saw the last of the "stooks" carried and all save the root fields bare.

The senseless slaughter of "flappers" has cleared many a district of its true wild duck, though the hand-reared ones are very largely on the increase. Every sportsman will admit that there is a great gulf between wild and hand-reared birds of any description. I have tried rearing on a small scale in several directions, and have had pheasants so tame that they would eat out of my hand, though they were hatched from eggs of a wild hen. I have had partridges that would not leave the field in which they passed their early days with the domestic hen, their mother, and it became equally impossible to shoot either partridge or pheasant because they insisted upon terms of friendship, and even in winter the latter would turn up to share the evening meal in the poultry runs. Both partridges and pheasants recovered their natural shyness at the back-end of winter, but they had done enough to show me that one could have either gamebird as a domestic pet with a very little trouble. It is not safe to rear wild duck too near the house. A friend of mine did so a few years ago and his gamekeeper entrusted a lad with the feeding of them. Halfway through the winter they would fly down to the outbuildings where the boy was at work and clamour for their food, if he whistled they would come to him. One might as well have tried to find sport in shooting a flock of sheep, and in the end the duck were caught and killed for the table as required, just as though they had been no more wild than their domesticated cousins with whom they fraternised.

It is worth considering whether hand-rearing is not going to take the keen edge off sport and whether it is not largely brought about by the unnecessary killing of young birds and the too close shooting of the rest. If larger stocks were left and keepers were less active in the pursuit of vermin, we should soon find our gamebirds exhibiting more cunning, flying harder and higher, and yielding better days, even though the bags were smaller. A few years ago, men were chiefly concerned with the size of the bag; to-day one hears many a good shot express the wish that birds were better, even if they were fewer; and I often see such an one deliberately ignoring easy chances and waiting for something worthy of his skill. MARK OVER.



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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found the "Sketch" Frieze, and illustrations dealing with Miss Gertrude Hoffmann in "Scheherazade"; "When the Revolution Comes," drawn by G. K. Chesterton; the Owl as Crow-decoy; The Cigar as Seer; The Poetic Dog; and an Effect of the Railway Strike.

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Photo. Elliott and Fry.

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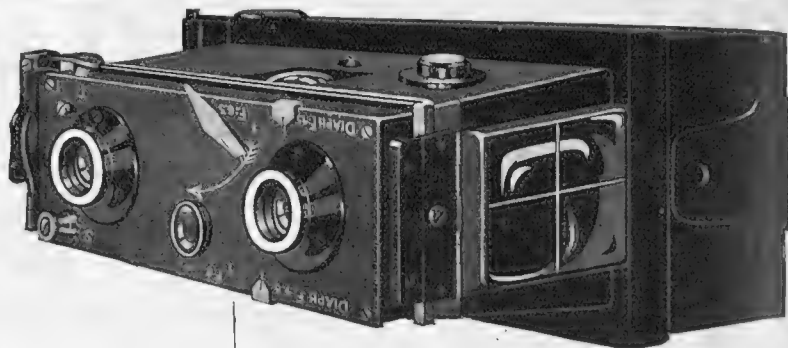
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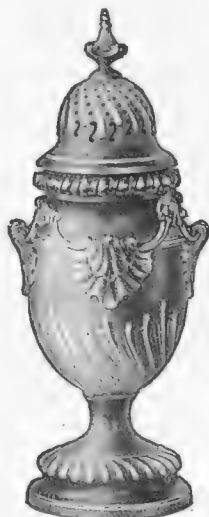
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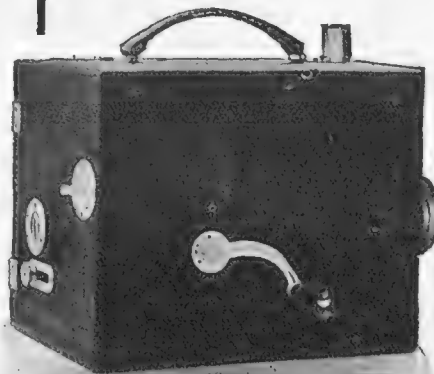
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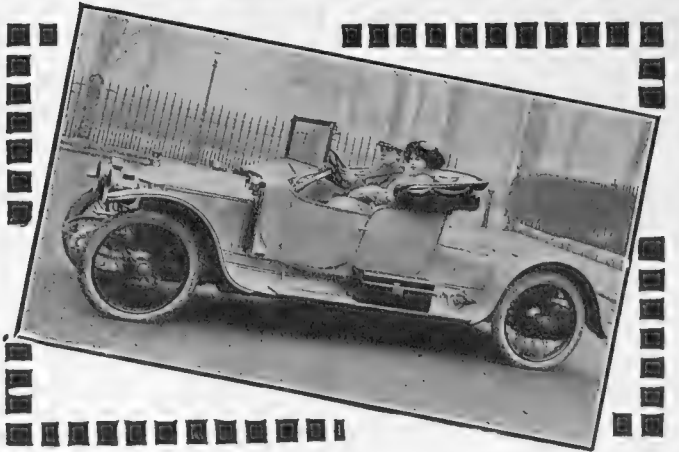
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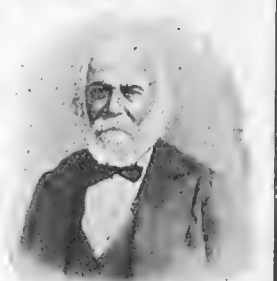
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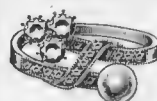
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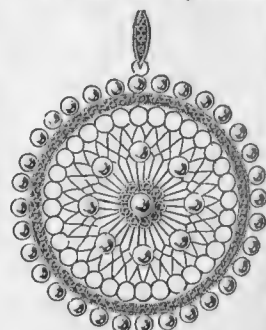
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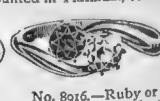
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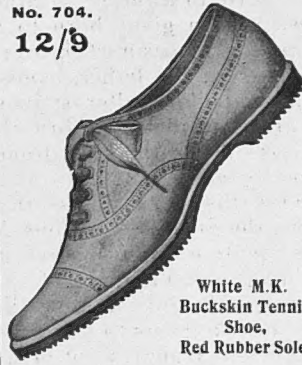
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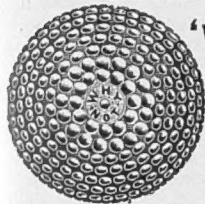
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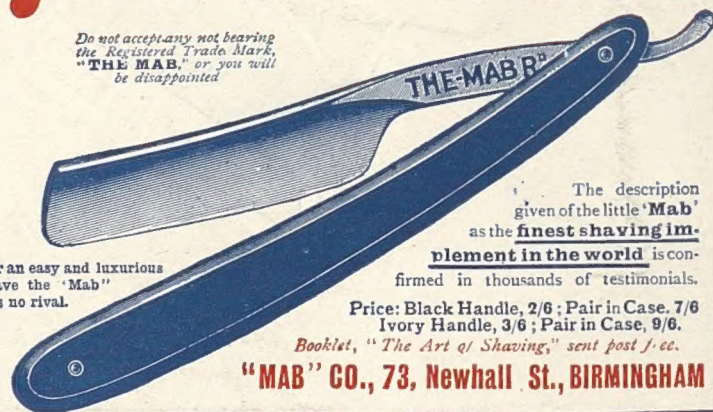
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